

# THE ATHENÆUM

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(Signed) ADOLPHUS, President. FALMOUTH, Chairman.

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*The Status of the Jews in England, from the Time of the Normans to the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, impartially considered; comprising authentic Notices deduced from Historical and Legal Records, &c.* By Charles Egan, Esq. Hastings.

We quote the title of this book at some length, because it will be necessary hereafter to direct attention to its terms:—at the same time, we have not given every word of a curious antefix to a most curious performance.

It is now one hundred and eleven years since Dr. D'Blossiers Tovey, Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford, gave to the world his *'Anglia Judaica; or, History and Antiquities of the Jews in England.'* It is a work not very remarkable for its style of composition. Like numerous contemporary productions which still maintain their place, it is written in a diffuse, uncritical and unmethodical manner. It possesses a merit, however, which has saved and will again save many a badly-written book from oblivion,—that of painstaking and original research. Dr. Tovey was the friend of George Holmes, the worthy follower of Prynne and Pett,—and who in 1738 filled the place of Deputy-Keeper of the Records in the Tower. To Holmes he dedicated his treatise; and from him, as we believe, he received all those copies of ancient records touching the condition of the Jews in England which are inserted in the *'Anglia Judaica'* and constitute the chief value of that work. Not that these copies comprised all the materials which that great storehouse of English history, the Tower, could have furnished:—but still, Holmes's contributions were liberal and judicious. Without them Tovey's book would be worthless:—as it is, it may be justly esteemed the best work now extant on the history of the Jews in this country. We have heard that the Delegates of the press at Oxford intend to reprint it. To reprint it without corrections and additions would be absurd:—though after what we have seen of the proceedings of the University Press in the case of Strype's works and others, we should not be surprised at any mere reprint which they may undertake.

So much for the state of literature\* respecting the ancient condition of the Jews in England up to the day when Mr. Egan was seized with the ambition of illustrating this subject. We do not wish to press hardly upon that gentleman; but as far as it may be in our power it is our fixed intention to expose and stigmatize all empirical literature which shall fall under our notice,—and his work, notwithstanding the high pretensions of the title-page, must be consigned to that category.—This we proceed to prove.

There are three qualifications, among many others, which are requisite in an author writing on a purely historical subject:—he should be just to those who may have preceded him in the same path of inquiry,—he should be accurate in his references,—and he should have a small amount of the ordinary sort of learning which most people now-a-days possess. We shall see how far Mr. Egan is from fulfilling these conditions.

Throughout his work the name of Dr. Tovey is not once mentioned. The *'Anglia Judaica'* is not once quoted by him: yet all the informa-

tion which his book contains is derived from that source,—and notes and references as well as passages of text are unscrupulously copied from it without the slightest acknowledgment. Let us select a few out of a legion of examples. Mr. Egan says,—“Accredited historians inform us that William the Conqueror brought the Jews from Roan to England, and that they settled here under the protection and patronage of that king.” This is just what Dr. Tovey said. His words are slightly altered; but Mr. Egan in the hurry of copying or from sheer ignorance preserves the Doctor's peculiar orthography of *Roan* for *Rouen*,—thus affording a direct clue to his authority. Instead of citing the authority, however, he makes this pompous parade of research:—“Antoninus Chron., Holinshed's Hist., Stow's Annals, Leland's Chron., Baker's Chron.” Reference to particular pages is wisely avoided: indeed, however easy it might have been to quote a page of Stow or Baker, we suspect Mr. Egan would have found it difficult to quote the pages of chronicles which are *unwritten*,—as those of Antoninus and Leland. This comes of meddling with other men's references without understanding them.

Dr. Tovey in his work had called William Rufus an infidel:—Mr. Egan was compelled to deal with the facts which provoked this sally on the Doctor's part,—and does so after this fashion:—

“William Rufus, of whom historians state that he possessed a mind superior to the superstition and ignorance of his time, so far countenanced the Jews as to permit them to hold religious disputations with the clergy concerning the true faith, and encouraged the Israelites to bear themselves manfully throughout the theological contest.”

Mr. Egan's authorities are, “Malms., Holinshed, Stow:”—not a word of Tovey. If by “Malms.” be meant William of Malmesbury, the reader may be safely referred to that author for a contradiction of what Mr. Egan asserts as to the motives of Rufus in hearing a disputation “concerning the true faith.” Our author proceeds:—

“We also find, that in the reign of Richard the First, the rules and customs which prevailed in the Court of Exchequer, during its adjudication on matters concerning the Jewish people, were in conformity with the general customs of the Jews.”

Mr. Egan cites as an authority for the passage which he has marked as a quotation, “Mag. Rot. 4 Ric. I.” If this mean anything, it means that he pretends to have found that passage in the Great Roll of the Exchequer of the fourth year of Richard the First. We need scarcely tell our readers that the Great Rolls of the Exchequer are simply rolls of accounts. They supply valuable facts for inferences,—but they do not deal in statements like the above. The truth is, Mr. Egan has copied without acknowledgment a reference which somebody else understood, and which he has wholly misunderstood.

Again (at p. 6, note), the author writes with much gravity:—

“It appears, by an ancient inquisition taken *tempo Edw. I.*, that St. John's Hospital, at Oxford, was built on the site of the original cemetery of the Jews, to whom another piece of land was granted in lieu thereof: (2 Rot. Inq. com. and vill. Oxon. cap. vi. 6 & 7 Edw. I. in Tur. Lond.) and on the site of this very hospital, was built the present Magdalen College. (Wood's Hist. and Antiq. of Oxford.)”

This passage is thus made up:—the facts are extracted, *totidem verbis*, from the text of the *'Anglia Judaica'*; the references corroborating them are, with the exception of the mistakes in the Latin—examples, by the way, of the little blunders which Mr. Egan is addicted to making

on his own account—the marginal notes of Dr. Tovey. We have perhaps cited enough to show in what fashion Mr. Egan has been just towards his predecessor,—and also to show the peculiarly original way in which, to use the words of his title-page, he has got together “authentic notices deduced from historical and legal records:”—let us now see how far he is even moderately accurate in his references in general.

Mr. Egan (p. 2) quotes the ‘Exceptiones Canonice’ of Archbishop Egbert as *Canonical Exceptiones*.—He cites on the same page the pseudo-Ingulphus as though there were no doubt of the authenticity of that work.—He refers to “a modern publication (!), ‘The Laws and Ancient Institutions of England,’”—meaning, we presume, ‘The Ancient Laws and Institutes of England,’ published a few years ago by the Government.—He tells us that

“It is remarkable, and not a little discreditable to our early historians, that (with the exception of Thomas De Wyke, Canon of St. Osney, A.D. 1263, who was perhaps the best writer amongst the old chroniclers) our historians, more particularly those of earlier date, have done their best on most occasions to denigrate and calumniate the Jewish character.”

The fact of our early historians, or rather chroniclers, having done their best to *denigrate* the Jewish character is not very remarkable, seeing that they were for the most part ecclesiastics, and naturally imbued with all the prejudices of their order and time; but it is remarkable to us, where Mr. Egan could have discovered that Thomas de Wyke (or Wykes) “was, *perhaps*, the best writer amongst the old chroniclers.”—The work which bears his name is certainly one of the worst of the whole series of chronicles:—moreover there is no authority whatever for ascribing its composition to Thomas de Wyke, notwithstanding that Mr. Egan has the date of his existence “so pat.” It may be given with equal probability to Johannes de Doe or to Ricardus de Roe, two well-known gentlemen who are supposed, legally, to have been living about the same time. Where, too, it may be asked, did Mr. Egan find that the Abbey of Osney, nigh Oxford, was called “Saint Osney”? He might with as great propriety quote a writer of St. Westminster or St. York. So much for the references in the second page only of this work:—but scattered throughout we find such pleasant and off-hand notes as—“*Baring*, on the Anc. Stats.,” for “*Barrington* on the Ancient Statutes”—the “*Acta Regia*” quoted as “historians”—“*Gul. Newb.*” or *Gulielmus Neubrigiensis*, and “*William of Neuborough*,” for “*Newborough*,” one and the same person, cited as distinct authorities in a single sentence (p. 18, note) referring to the massacre of the Jews at York in the first year of Richard the First.—Even when Mr. Egan reaches a comparatively late period in his story, where there is no necessity for him to blunder amongst ancient records and monkish writers, he is equally inaccurate. For example, in enumerating the persons summoned by Cromwell to attend the Privy Council and declare their opinions respecting the propriety of allowing the re-establishment of the Jews in England, Mr. Egan converts Dr. Whichcock into Whitchoot,—and Dethick, Lord Mayor of London, into Alderman Doblich!

We can assure our readers that this process of criticism is fully as irksome to ourselves as it may possibly appear tedious to them; and but that we feel the work before us to be one of a numerous class which require to be put in their proper light, we should not have thus far prolonged our remarks on Mr. Egan's inaccuracies. We shall now dismiss his book:—and with this

\* Has he copied Barrington's criticism without acknowledgment?

\* Selden wrote a small tract on the subject, which is of so great value; and Prynne, in his ‘Records,’ collected several curious documents relating to the Jews:—but the *'Anglia Judaica'* is substantially the first book on this topic.



concluding observation, that it has seldom been our lot to wade through a small volume containing so much loose narration and confident assertion, coupled with such an utter want of justice to older writers, of accuracy, and of a due appreciation of the relative value of historical evidence.—Before bringing our article to a close, however, we shall ourselves endeavour to throw some light upon the early history of the Jews in England.

There seems to be no good reason for disbelieving that Jews were settled in this country in very remote times,—possibly as early as the latter period of Roman occupation; but it must be admitted that the first intimation we have of the condition under which their residence was tolerated is found in the laws attributed to Edward the Confessor,—and those laws appear to recognize them and their possessions as the king's chattels.† The authenticity of the Confessor's edicts is now generally acknowledged, although Prynne and other writers entertained doubts of their genuineness. The Norman Conquest seems to have effected no change in the position of the Jews in England,—and the Norman sovereigns did not restrict their immigration: they more probably favoured it, as in their times, as well as under the Plantagenets, Jews continued to be regarded, as they had been in Saxon days, as the property or dependents of the Crown. From the earliest date at which we have any notice of the condition of this remarkable people in England, they appear to have been subject to a twofold law:—to usage, which was called the "custom of Judaism,"—and to "the king's will." But as the king's will alone gave effect to the "custom of Judaism," the two were really identical; although practically the "custom" prevailed, except when it suited the purpose of the Crown to modify or altogether abrogate it,—as was the case in the time of Edward the First. So entirely were the Jews separated from the English community, in respect of their legal position, that they had not even the benefit of the common law of the land. Legal controversies between a Christian and a Jew, or between Jew and Jew, were not determined in the King's Court (*curia regis*), but before the Justices of the Jews or the Barons of the Exchequer. The only cases in which the common law took cognizance of them were cases of felony; and in them its operation was sharp and effective enough,—as many a true or reputed clipper of coin found to his cost. In all legal proceedings, the Jews swore "upon their own law." They could hold land and houses of the Crown, or of others, by payment of a fixed rent (*per censum*), which might be either in money or in kind,—but not by any of the services incident to feudal tenure. From everything approaching to military service they were wholly excluded. When a Jew was converted, his property, unless previously alienated, escheated to the Crown;—and this fact proves that a Jew's property was regarded as the king's. By becoming a Christian he acquired new rights that altered the relation which he had hitherto borne to the sovereign; and the interest of the latter in his possessions, as it might be thereby impaired, was therefore asserted. It seems probable that property so escheated was often re-granted on payment of a fine; as there are many records extant which show that converts held lands and tenements. Such, in a few words, was the general condition, in law, of the English Jews in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. As far as taxation was

concerned, the Crown taxed the "commonalty of the Jews," as it was termed, at pleasure,—and, as might be expected under the circumstances described, at discretion.

Notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages of their legal position, it would appear that from Saxon times to the close of the twelfth century the Jews in this country were, comparatively speaking, an unpersecuted community. They were left in the enjoyment of their commercial gains. The Crown found them "profitable," occasionally squeezed their moneybags, and in return extended to them as much protection as the Crown could give in those turbulent days. They built their synagogues and had their schools in the principal towns of England.\* Their chief rabbi, or "presbyter" as he was called, was appointed by the king—probably to avoid disputes; or it may be that the right of nomination was assumed as a convenient mode of raising a little money by way of fine from the most wealthy candidate for the distinction. The oldest houses in the oldest cities of England are still popularly called Jews' houses; and possibly not without some foundation in truth—as the opulent members of that community were likely enough to build strong tenements for their own protection, and not from mere ostentation. As an instance of this, we believe the history of the Jew's house at Lincoln can be traced by existing documents up to the time of its last Jewish occupant in the early part of the thirteenth century. The antiquity of the Jews in Oxford is greater than that of the University itself. Magdalen College, as we have already seen, stands partly on the site of their earliest burial-ground; the position of their later cemetery is marked by the Botanic Garden; and at the end of the twelfth century their school or synagogue stood hard by the spot where the Clarendon Printing Office was built in later times—in which the first book devoted to their past history in England was put to press. Even when Oxford became an acknowledged seat of learning, its Jewish inhabitants were unmolested *in law*; for in 1262 we find the chancellor of that University certifying the crown that he claimed to exercise jurisdiction in all disputes between the scholars and the Jews excepting pleas of the crown and pleas of land—and that he took no amercements or profit from scholars or from Jews, "but only cherished peace and tranquillity between the aforesaid scholars of the University and Jews, and exhibited speedy justice to both."

We do not mean to contend that the Jews were not occasionally severely mulcted by the crown, and on frivolous pretences, during the twelfth century. For example, in 1131 the Jews of London were fined two thousand pounds because some of their community had killed a sick person. The mode in which they killed him is not stated by the record,—he may have died under the hands of a Jewish doctor as probably as by violence; but, however that may have been, the amount levied was enormous—being equal to more than thirty thousand pounds sterling. The point upon which we would insist is, that it was not until the last years of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century that the Jews were subject to a continued persecution at the hands both of the crown and of the people. The commencement of their troubles may be dated from the coronation of Richard the First; when a violent attack made on them by the populace of London was speedily imitated in every town where they were to be found throughout the

kingdom. Even the atrocity of this sudden and general onslaught upon a defenceless race has been greatly exaggerated both by ancient and by modern writers. The story of the Jews of York—and a horrible story it is—rests solely on the authority of William of Newborough, a contemporary chronicler; who has evidently embellished his narrative with some flowers of rhetoric, and borrowed a few hints from the sixth and seventh books of Josephus. Upon turning to the records of that time we find nothing to corroborate his account of the burning of York Castle by the Jews; but we do find that prompt and summary justice was inflicted upon the inhabitants of that city for the outrages which they committed. The Pipe Rolls of the early years of Richard show the heavy fines which were levied on them for the murder of the Israelites.

That this instantaneous and general rising against the Jews at the beginning of Richard's reign had its origin in some very common and wide-spread cause of national discontent is sufficiently obvious; and we believe it may be traced as much to the over-taxation of the people of England during the reign of Henry the Second as to any outbreak of religious fanaticism. The country had been impoverished by the internal and foreign wars of that king's reign; while during that period the Jews had been protected and encouraged by the crown. Their wealth was enormous, and almost all the commerce and capital of the kingdom was in their hands,—offering a tempting prize to popular cupidity. At the same time, there was doubtless a strong leaven of religious zeal in the minds of the people. England and Europe were still suffering from the fever of the Crusades; and at a period when men's minds were concentrated as it were on the recovery of the Holy City and the Holy Sepulchre, Jew divided with Saracen the universal hatred of the faithful,—particularly as it was believed, on the authority of a General Council, that the Israelites, in the true cosmopolitan spirit of trade, had trafficked with the followers of Mahomet and sold them arms and stores.

During the remainder of the short reign of Richard the First the Jews enjoyed comparative tranquillity; and John, on his accession, granted them a charter which defined their privileges in the State. They were by this grant allowed to trade freely in any commodities excepting an article which Dr. Tovey called red-cloth,—but which, on examining the words of the charter, we take to have been "blood-stained cloth;" which they were prohibited from buying, as the purchase and secretion of materials of dress so stained might have the result of preventing the detection and punishment of the perpetrators of violence or murder. The early concessions of this sovereign, however, were little respected even by himself at the close of his reign; which, on the whole, was a disastrous epoch in the history of the English Jews:—but they were destined to a harder measure of treatment at the hands of his son and grandson.

In the reign of Henry the Third the schools and synagogues of the Jews were suppressed; they were subjected to frequent and heavy taxation; and in the varying fortunes of the war between Henry and his insurgent nobility their goods and chattels became the spoil of the predominant faction. On one occasion Henry absolutely confiscated the whole of their personal property by granting to his brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, all debts owing to the Jews. It is during this reign that, in England, we first meet with that strange legend which attached in the middle ages to every place and to every country where the unhappy Israelite found a shelter; which still survives under the shadow

† See clause xxv.—"Neque aliquis eorum potest subdore se alicui diviti sine licentia regis; ipsa iudi edicta omnia sua regis sunt. Quod si aliquis detinuerit eos vel pecuniam eorum, rex requirat tanquam suum proprium, si vult eo potest."

\* But by custom they were not permitted to establish themselves in any town "in which Jews had been unaccustomed to dwell from ancient time."—Rot. Claus. 1 Edw. I. m. 7 dors. On this ground they were expelled from Winchester in 1272.

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of the cathedral towers of Lincoln and Norwich, and still lingers among the traditions of the boatmen on the canals of Venice: a wild and horrible fiction, which was resuscitated in our own times on the coast of Syria,—and though attended, as of old, by all the worst features of fanaticism and persecution, found belief and countenance from the representative of one of the greatest powers of civilized Europe. We allude to the vulgar belief that the Jews were in the habit of stealing and crucifying Christian children. It is a poor consolation, that we owe to this popular delusion two of the best and most affecting of our antique ballads, when we are at the same time obliged to remember that an old chronicler relates that eighteen out of ninety-two Jews imprisoned in the Tower for the alleged crucifixion of Hugh of Lincoln were hanged one afternoon, in the year 1255. Probably the rest suffered the same fate.

It is not improbable that Henry the Third entertained hopes of converting the whole of his Jewish subjects to Christianity. He founded and endowed the House of Converts, which stood on the site of the present Rolls House in Chancery Lane,—and while he lived bestowed great care upon it. But, like all similar schemes, his design wholly failed. The establishment, it is true, survived until the fifteenth century,—but its inmates were at no period numerous.

The downfall of the Jews in England dates from the accession of Edward the First:—who appears to have formed at an early period the design of confiscating all their possessions. Under the pretext that they had been guilty of clipping, forging, and other crimes, he, in the seventh year of his reign, seized the goods of the wealthiest Jews of Bristol, Wilton, and Salisbury. The unprinted inventories of their property are now before us,—and melancholy documents they are. The great wealth of the people is apparent in every line: lamps of brass—rings of gold and silver—vases of what were then the rarest and most precious materials—the finest cloths of the most famous looms—armour for knights and girdles for damsels—seals of gold, silver, and brass—books and rolls of “the Law,”—such are the items which make up these accounts. Among the effects of Benedict, of Bristol, who was hanged, were five gold brooches, eighty-eight gold rings, one hundred and forty-one silver spoons, thirteen murrhine cups, one crystal cup, one glass cup, one cup of alabaster, and three buffaloes’ horns:—he had also twelve Hebrew books. At the same time that the Jews of the West of England were thus oppressed, the Jews of London, accused of the same crimes, were committed to the charge of the Constable of the Tower, who levied penalties upon them for the most trivial causes. Thus, if there was an evil report current against an Israelite, he was fined; if the Hebrews wished to keep one of their feasts, they paid the constable for his licence to do so; if a Jew contradicted one of the sergeants of the Tower, he was amerced—like Abraham of Dorking—at forty shillings. In short, it is difficult for those who have not seen these sad memorials of evil days to imagine the grinding and vexatious impositions to which this unhappy people were subject. Women in their moments of travail, the aged and the young, were alike forced to pay enormously to enjoy the common decencies and necessities of life.

Eleven years after these proceedings Edward summarily confiscated all the possessions of the Jews in England,—and assigned a certain day on which they were to depart the realm. Mr. Egan observes, in his peculiar style, that—

“It has been generally and confidently asserted by English writers that in the reign of Edward the First an act of Parliament was passed, decreeing the

banishment of the Jews from England; but, as no such enactment has been found among the statutes of the realm,—as no author, treating on the history of the Jews, has even adduced a copy of the alleged enactment,—and as both English and Jewish writers have stated very different and conflicting opinions as to the cause of the departure of the Jews from England,—we are naturally led to inquire, whether their emigration hence did not arise from causes quite different from those hitherto affirmed.”

Mr. Egan then says,—Jewish writers allege “that the departure of the Hebrew people may be traced to a refusal to change their religion.”—*Credat Judæus*. We can assure Mr. Egan that no English writer of authority has ever asserted that the Jews were banished by Act of Parliament,—inasmuch as no Act of Parliament was needed for the purpose. According to the ancient law of England the Jews and their possessions had always been at the absolute disposal of the sovereign. Edward in expelling them only exercised his recognized prerogative; and there is little doubt that he was led to that arbitrary act by fiscal rather than by religious motives. He had determined to replenish his exchequer—which was in anything but a plethoric condition—by seizing all their goods. Departing from the policy of his ancestors,—who had, after a fashion, cherished the Jews with a view to the irregular revenue which might be derived from them,—he at one fell swoop deprived them of their whole capital and drove them ignominiously from the country. In short, he acted very much like that mythic individual who is said to have killed the goose that laid him golden eggs. We are tolerably conversant with all the contemporary documents relating to the expulsion of the Jews,—and can assure Mr. Egan that the question of conversion was never mooted. Henry the Third had dreamt of such a scheme; but his son was a very unlikely person to have followed out his father’s idea or to have offered such an alternative to his Hebrew subjects.

So utterly did Edward strip the Jewish community of their worldly possessions, that he scarcely left them wherewithal to pay their passage beyond sea; and out of the little which they had left the Jews of London were obliged to pay toll to the constable of the Tower on taking ship in the river. We happen to have before us the small account which Sir Ralph de Sandwich—who then held that office—rendered to the King of the pickings which he got out of the proscribed Israelites. The number of Jews who sailed from the port of London for Whitland in the year 1290 was 1,461; the majority of them paid Sir Ralph 4d. each as passage-toll,—but 126 of the party were so poor that they could not muster more than 2d. each. The chronicler Hemmingford tells a sad story of the fate of one party of Jews, who were treacherously drowned on the sands off Queenborough by the captain of the vessel in which they sailed: if there is any truth in his relation—which we are disposed to doubt—they were probably some of the London Jews who had been a second time plucked by Sir Ralph de Sandwich.

We have thus given a brief sketch of the ancient condition of the Jews in England and of the circumstances attending their expulsion. The points to which we would particularly direct the attention of our readers are these:—that it was not until the last century of their stay in this country that the Jews were subjected to continued oppression on the part of the crown—it was not until that period that they were obliged to wear a distinguishing badge on their dress—and it was not until then that the horrible legends of their secret mysteries were spread abroad among the people. Whatever the monkish writers may relate, it is clear that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries

the Hebrews enjoyed great tranquillity, and were permitted to trade in goods and money without any great impediments. At the same time, it is undeniably true, however unpalatable the fact may be, that their legal estate down to the period of their banishment by Edward the First was simply that of absolute slaves of the crown.

With the question of the existing political disabilities of the members of the Jewish persuasion the *Athenæum* as a purely literary journal has no concern: although it will be understood by our readers that we view with unmixed satisfaction the hourly and daily progress of civil and religious liberty, and entertain no doubt that the time is not far distant when that and other constitutional problems shall receive a satisfactory solution.

*Wayside Pictures in France, Belgium and Holland.* By Robert Bell. Bentley.

THE papers here collected into a volume have recently appeared in the pages of a monthly contemporary; a fact which ought to have been stated in title-page or preface, but is not. A pleasant, gossiping book they make. Mr. Bell has proved once more that historic scenes, places hallowed by the resort of genius, crag and castle, corn-field and vine-garden, mountain and valley, town and river, can never lose their attractions so long as an intelligent observer or an artist-mind is forthcoming to interpret their beauty and significance. A ramble through a part of France, Belgium and Holland seems at first sight to promise little in the way of novelty now-a-days, when Egypt, Russia and the United States lie within the limits of the grand tour. But all depends upon the rambler. There are men with whom we would walk to Hampstead or chat over the incidents of a journey to Norwood rather than go with others to Palestine or listen to their accounts of the marvels of Pekin. No man can exhaust a subject of real interest. Though our footsteps have pretty well worn the roads over which Mr. Bell conducts us afresh—we peruse his pictures with pleasure. He delineates with an artistic pencil; not painting with the minuteness of a Dutch master—but offering just enough to stir the depths of memory and recall images of things seen with admiration and remembered with delight. He has the merit of knowing when he has said enough. We do not tire of wandering with him about the old streets of Bruges and Ghent, Caen and Rouen,—listening to stories about old buildings and modern monuments—visiting old gothic churches, convents and chateaux and taking in their wild and legendary lore. Mr. Bell is a man to find out the books that are in running brooks, the sermons that are in stones, and the good that is in everything.

We can hardly go wrong in diving into this volume. Perhaps we prefer to the rest the chapters on Normandy:—they are more complete and evidently more to their writer’s mind. In the old cities, forests and chateaux of this province he seems to be peculiarly at home. The *abandon* with which he gives himself up to the influence of a celebrated scene may be exhibited in his account of the Vaux de Vire.—

“Vire was formerly the capital of the Bocage, before the geographical, like the social, distinctions of France had undergone a revolution; and by its position commands the whole of those delicious valleys which are known as the Vaux de Vire. The sylvan beauty of the scenery can hardly be surpassed. The hill is clasped by charming labyrinths of wood, intersected by walks and tracks which stretch downwards through endless ingenious mazes to the still valleys below. Here you may lose yourself at pleasure in a thousand shadowy recesses, green slopes, and rural lanes. The dreamy hill-sides, with their deep foliage and singing rills, are filled with all sorts

of suggestive woodland sights, sounds, and odours. Descending into the valley, you come upon one of the prettiest streams that ever sparkled in a solitary dell. At first sight, it does not seem to have made a regular channel for itself, but to run through the trees at its own coquettish caprice. You catch it glancing now in one place, now in another, and always as if it were flirting through the wood with the birds and the water-lilies; and it is not till you have made your way to the banks of the stream, bowered over by trees, dipping their branches across in all manner of picturesque attitudes, that you are conscious of the presence of a river that turns several miles up the valley, besides serving other useful purposes which one must look after to ascertain. The seclusion of these valleys lulls the senses like an enchantment, after the noises and scrambling bustle of the little streets from which you made your escape only five minutes before. You might easily imagine yourself hundreds and hundreds of miles away from that clattering, flinty high road which traverses the hill immediately above. There is hardly a sound to be heard, except the whirring of birds through the leaves, the ripple of the water as it breaks over its pebbly bottom, and, as you advance farther and farther, the clicking and splash of the mill-wheels. Occasional openings in the woods reveal scraps of the sweetest pastoral scenery, miniature gardens, sheltered orchards, and tiny vistas vanishing into the recesses of the hills. Tempting footpaths run in and out amongst the trees, with pretty swinging gates and turnstiles, which you are at liberty to invest with what sylvan romances you please. It is not to be denied that the operations of industry are beginning to break up the charms of the Vaux. A huge manufactory here and there shoulders the hanging woods, and unpleasantly reminds us that the green earth was not given to us solely for the uses of poetry, a wholesome truth which we are bound to treat with respect, but which we would rather reserve for consideration in other scenes and circumstances. Luckily we are able to compromise the matter by a peep at the rustic mills in which poetry and utility are pleasantly combined; and above all at the mill of Oliver Basselin, the poet of the Vaux. Very little of the original mill remains, and that little has nearly lost its character by annexation with a new house of a totally different style. But there is just enough of it to satisfy one's curiosity about the actual spot where that very jolly miller wrote those sparkling lyrics which were the ruin of his business and the delight of the whole country round. The burthen of Basselin's songs was wine, and although the French are not a revelling people, they have such an impulse for gaiety and enjoyment in whatever shape they are presented, that these songs acquired a wide and lasting popularity. The freedom of the rhythm, the sparkling abandon of the sentiments, and the tripping vivacity of the refrain, hit off the national taste with wonderful felicity. Basselin's songs are so expressly adapted to the genius of the people that they perish in the attempt to render them into any other language. They will not bear transplantation. For instance, how could we hope to convey in English such a flash of mirth as this?—

"Hé! qu'avons-nous affaire  
Du Turc et du Sophy!  
Don! Don!  
Pourvu que j'ai à boire  
De grandeurs je dy fi,  
Don! Don!  
Trinque, seigneur, le vin est bon,  
Hoc acuit ingenium."

Basselín sometimes touched upon love, but it was all in the French way. True passion was out of the question with this merry dog of a miller. It was a glance, and a pretence of being wounded by a passing ray of light and off again to his bottle. Of course, he neglected his mill, which was put into the hands of trustees; but he sang away as jovially as ever, and, when all other resources failed, took arms for the defence of the city. He is described by the chroniclers, as the 'joyeuse troubadour Normand, qui non moins bon patriot que bon chansonnier, fut tué, en 1417, en combattant les Anglais.' His *chansons* were called 'Vaux-de-Vires,' after the locality out of whose romantic depths they issued, and hence originated the term *Vaudeville*, of which class of pleasant dramatic trifles he is now acknowledged to be the father. A learned controversy was waged for some time about this term, which was asserted on one

side to be derived from an earlier period, and from the custom of singing songs in the street, by which the etymon was traced to the phrase *voix-des-villes*. But the dispute has been abandoned, and the paternity of the *vaudeville* is now universally surrendered to Olivier Basselin. A century or so later, Basselin was succeeded by Le Houx, an advocate, who lived at Vire, and who, like his predecessor, relinquished his business to follow minstrelsy and the bottle. Le Houx's *chansons*, like the myriads of airy lyrics that have floated through France since his time, followed closely in the channels which had been first opened up by his predecessor. His inspiration was at second-hand; but this was no great matter in a class of fugitive pieces which ran the round of the same gay, idle topics, and which might be thrown off with facility by any Frenchman who possessed the requisite lyrical faculty and constitutional levity. Le Houx was an enthusiastic admirer of Basselin, and collected, and edited his works; an act of loving zeal for which he was duly punished by the monks, who regarded the scandal with such indignation that they ordained him to do penance for it by a pilgrimage to Rome, from whence, however, he returned as incorrigible a libertine as ever.

In this way description and reflection, history and literature, are mingled throughout. We give a specimen of another kind.—

"The fairy-legends of Normandy are full of a humanizing tenderness, which falls in gracefully with the sombre earnestness of the popular temperament. These fairies are not specially distinguished, like other fairies, for skipping about in the moonlight. Out of the exuberance of their fairy nature, they indulge in romps and dances; but they have more in them of the genteel comedy qualities of Titania, than of the mischievous traits of Puck and Robin Goodfellow. They are capable of the softest emotions, and have often been known to suffer severely under the blight of disappointed affections. The fairy, like beauties of another order, sometimes begins by playing with the passion of love, confiding in her own invulnerable power, and ends by being taken in the very trap she had so ingeniously laid for her mortal lover. Once caught in this way, the poor fairy is even less able to extricate herself than the human sorceress whose divinations she so fatally imitates. There was a famous knight in this country who flourished nobody knows how many years ago, and whose name was Robert of Argouges. His story has often been told, and is one of the stock traditions of the province; but it will be new to a great many people for all that. The grand achievement of his life was a single combat with a Teutonic giant, who had slain every man he encountered until he met Robert of Argouges, by whom he was himself slain. Upon an ordinary calculation of the chances between that prodigious personage and a middle-sized Norman knight, such a result could hardly have been anticipated, and it was, therefore, surmised that Robert of Argouges was sustained in this very unequal duel by superhuman aid. This opinion was strengthened by a device of Faith which he wore emblazoned on his shield and banner, and by the battle-cry of *La Foi—la fé*, which descended from him for many generations afterwards to his family. The real facts of the case were these:—Robert had become acquainted with a certain beautiful fairy in the woods, and had fallen in love with her. There is no accounting for such things. He knew she was a fairy, and no fit bride for him, but he fell deeply in love with her notwithstanding. At first he reasoned a little with himself; so did she perhaps, if beautiful fairies are capable of reasoning. He was well aware in a vague way of the fairy antecedents of her life, and of what he might expect if he suffered his passion for her to overwhelm his knightly judgment. But he imagined that, fortified by all this knowledge and good sense, and by his pretty extensive acquaintance with the nature of fairies in general, there was not much likelihood of matters growing very serious between them. He regarded it as a delectable pastime, and used to go to the woods to see her, thinking that nothing could come of it but the delight he felt in gazing into the depths of her lustrous eyes, in listening to the thrilling music of her voice, and pressing her soft hands, which he never touched without an admonitory vibration at his heart. And this fairy

was endowed with wondrous beauty. Her head exquisitely formed, with features as youthful as childhood, and locks crisped round them and floating upon the winds, combined the freshness of Hebe with the radiant joyousness of a *bacchante*; while her form was that of a voluptuous maturity. It was natural enough for Robert of Argouges to fall in love with her—fairy though she was. The fairy, on her side, believed she was merely indulging in an amusement very common among fairies. She was conscious of a secret satisfaction in winning the affections of so gallant a knight. From the first, she was attracted by the peculiar gentleness of his manners, and was so pleased with his society that, had she been but half as much on her guard as she foolishly believed she was, the danger that lay before them both must have been early apparent to her. But the fairy, like the knight, had fallen irretrievably in love, and all her arts, and her self-control, and her command over the inspiration by which she had subjected her mortal lover, could not save her. As for the knight, he became more and more entranced every day. He gradually absorbed her whole thoughts, and won her away from all her old associations. She no longer haunted the dells where she was once idolized as the gayest of the fairies, and she forsook the lively round to wander away with her lover in the sad woods. She bestowed upon him all the treasures over which her influence extended, the hidden riches of the mountains and the waters, and by her spells secured victory to him in all his battles. Thus, when he encountered the Teutonic savage, Robert of Argouges obtained an easy triumph. His love was now at its height, and no consideration could restrain him from making a proposal of marriage to the fairy. In short, he felt that he could not live without her, and that it was better to incur all the mysterious perils of such a union than to pine into the grave in despair. She hesitated very much at first; for when matters come to that point with fairies they are proverbially shy and embarrassed. She told him very frankly that she had heard terrible tales of the inconstancy of men, and that, moreover, being mortal, he would be sure to die, while she would be left to an immortality of sorrowing widowhood. An immortal widow was an image that had never suggested itself to the imagination of Robert of Argouges, and it took him a little by surprise; but he soon overcame her scruples. Ah! that sophistry of love, how it deceives the wisest people! He assured her, that, though he was himself mortal, his love could never die; that his love for her was more than human. She believed him, and she consented to become his wife on one condition, that he should never think of death, nor suffer the word *death* to pass his lips. He thought this a very easy condition, and agreed at once. She merely observed—but a shadow of sadness fell upon her bright face as she spoke—"Should you ever utter that word, that instant I must abandon you, and be wretched for ever!" The fairy and the knight were accordingly married, and lived together as happily as the day was long. Years passed away, and neither of them ever thought that their bliss could have an end. It happened that they were bidden to a grand festival, and the lady-fairy was more than usually scrupulous about her toilet. All her handmaidens were busily employed in selecting her finest dresses and most costly jewels; while the knight, already in full costume, waited impatiently for her in the hall. Once, twice, thrice, he sent up his page to hasten her, and each time received in answer that she was coming. At length she appeared most gloriously attired; but Robert of Argouges was vexed at the delay, and, instead of accosting her in terms of admiration, he exclaimed, 'Fair lady! you have been in no haste at your toilette. You tarry so confoundedly, that you would be the best of all messengers to send for death.' The fatal word was scarcely pronounced when the beautiful fairy turned pale, her full eye resting upon him for a moment with utterable anguish, and she vanished from his sight. The space around him was vacant. He stood like a man bewildered. He was now conscious of what he had said, and of what he had lost for ever. A sudden sickness seized him, and he was carried to his bed, where he lingered many days in profound anguish of mind. Every night the fairy flew round the tower where he lay, wailing with a piteous voice, 'Death! Death!' till at last the knight died. And to this



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hour, at midnight, the same melancholy voice may still be heard wailing round the old castle its passionate lamentation of 'Death! Death!' Such is the true history of Robert of Argouges."

There is in this volume a long account of Mont St. Michel and the great prison on its summit so famous as the place of duress of the French republican chiefs. The history of this fortress is full of that romance of love and war of which it may be truly said that "age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety;"—but we have room only to transcribe the details of a single story connected with it.

When Mont St. Michel was besieged by the English with a formidable army in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the seigneurs of the soil entered into a solemn league to defend it to the last drop of their blood, an extremity to which they bound themselves by an oath on the Evangelists. The young de Beauvoir was one of the members of this patriotic compact. The time of his marriage with Guillemette Avenel, a young lady of a proud and ancient house, was approaching, but the imperative necessities of the country overruled all personal considerations. On parting, the lovers exchanged vows, which were ratified at the termination of the siege. Three years passed away, and the English continued to harass the garrison, which was still pent up in the fortress, and unable to hold any communication with the land, except through some rare and fortunate accident. One evening, as Robert de Beauvoir was seated at an open window (still shown on the façade of the ancient abbey), gazing at the stars, upon which at that moment the eyes of his beloved were also fixed, agreeably to an arrangement usual in the days of knighthood, when ladies were so frequently separated from their lovers, an old servant of the house of Avenel entered the chamber. He had contrived to make his way through the lines of the besiegers at so little peril to his life, and was the bearer of a letter from Guillemette, in which she announced that Nicholas Burdett, one of the English generals, had demanded her hand in marriage; and that her mother, whose domains were at the mercy of the invaders, had given her reluctant consent. "*Mais*," added the devoted fiancée, "*comme cela ne se peut pas, comme je suis à toi, je crois bien que je serai morte auparavant.*" The first impulse of de Beauvoir was to rush out into the enemy's camp, and take a summary vengeance upon Burdett; but he was restrained from adopting this frantic step by the recollection of his duty and his oath. He accordingly took the more reasonable course of writing to Burdett, informing him that the lady was his betrothed, and warning him against the injustice of forcing her into a marriage which she loathed. The threats contained in this missive enraged Burdett; and, sending back an insolent message that the lady would be his wife in two days, he flung down his gauntlet to the page who brought him the letter. In two days, the marriage ceremony was performed in the private chapel at Avenel; but, as the last words were about to be uttered, Guillemette, who had probably taken effectual means to avert the sacrifice, fell dead at the feet of Burdett. The siege continued for some time longer; at last, the English commander resolved upon a general assault, and had already carried the outworks, when the gates were thrown open, and the French poured out their whole force into the midst of the assailants. De Beauvoir sought Burdett alone in the furious engagement which ensued; but, just as they met lance to lance, the Englishman was cut down by one of the French knights. The tide was now returning, and the besiegers were forced to retreat. Burdett, covered with wounds, was taken prisoner, and carried into the citadel. Robert never left him, hoping by great care to restore his health, so that he might yet have the satisfaction of indulging the revenge he meditated. Every morning a young monk attended upon the prisoner, and at the end of a month he was perfectly recovered. "You are now free," said the monk; "here is your sword: and, for your ransom, I have to request a favour." Burdett promised to grant whatever he asked. "Being only a poor servant of God," said the monk, "ignorant of the use of arms, and having an injury to avenge, I require of you that you should take vengeance for

me upon my enemy. You must swear to do this to the death. You will not have far to seek him: he will come voluntarily to meet you, two days' journey from hence, near the chapel of Plaine-Seuvre, in the suburbs of Vire. You will recognize him by his black armour, his shield emblazoned in crimson, and a silver poinard." Burdett pledged himself, as the price of his liberty, to revenge the wrongs of the monk, to whose care he was indebted for his life. Some time had elapsed after this scene, when two young knights in black armour, one of them carrying a crimson shield and a silver poinard, were seen slowly passing under the walls of Vire. He who was without a shield was the knight who had wounded Burdett in the *mêlée* at Mont St. Michel. At last they reached the lonely chapel of Plaine-Seuvre, a savage spot, which the superstitions of the peasantry peopled with malicious genii. Soon afterwards Burdett appeared moving through the trees, followed by five pages leading a superb courser. Not a word was spoken on either side. Selecting a place for the combat, the adversaries advanced upon each other. The struggle was of short duration. Burdett fell under the furious assault of his opponent, who, placing his foot upon the neck of the prostrate Englishman, raised his visor, and displayed the features of the monk. "Recognise me, and die!" he exclaimed; "thou, who hast desolated the heart of a young girl; thou, who hast killed Guillemette Avenel!" and he plunged his poinard three times into his throat. From that day Robert de Beauvoir forsook the profession of arms, and became a monk of the monastery of Mont St. Michel."

These extracts indicate the style in which Mr. Bell puts his Pictures on paper. As we have said, he does not deal with what is new, either in scenery or in anecdote; but the ramblers in his traces may advantageously stow away this volume in his portmanteau. To him who has already trod the ground its perusal will, as we have said, revive a host of pleasant memories. We should say in conclusion that the work is illustrated by Mr. Measom:—and makes an attractive book for the drawing-room table.

#### Report of the Eighteenth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. London, Murray.

HAVING at the time of the meeting at Swansea given our usual full report of the proceedings, there is but little left for us to say now that the 'Report' makes its appearance. The volume is not this year of the ordinary bulk,—and on examination of its contents we are bound to declare our conviction that they fall below the average value. Science, like trade, appears to have been affected by the state of excitement which has for some time past declared itself in the body social of Europe. Even where there has been no actual outbreak the popular feeling has been roused, and people have been busily surveying their grievances. It is true that much of this excitement has arisen since the August of 1848; but, looking back, it will be found that to us as a nation there were really more elements of discord at work previously to that time than there have been since. However, it is certain, from some cause, that the year between the meeting of the Association at Oxford and its assembling at Swansea is distinguished by the small amount of work done by its members. Our experimental philosophers have gone on gathering together many small facts; but they have given no evidence of such an exercise of mental power as would enable any one to declare that our knowledge had been advanced a single line. On the verge of that circle which was perfected by discoveries made in 1847, our men of science have, it is true, gathered several piles of fragments; and from these we are led to hope that some mind possessed of high generalizing power may be aided in carrying out a circle of more perfect inductive reasoning, to

embrace a wider field of knowledge than that which we at present occupy.

This 'Report' will, nevertheless, be found to contain many good practical papers. That 'On the Air and Water of Towns,' by Dr. Smith, of Manchester, has at the present time an additional importance attached to it from the circumstances which are impelling all persons to inquire into these points; and this report of Dr. Smith's, exhibiting the condition of a large manufacturing town, contains many valuable facts which have hitherto escaped attention. We might particularize several papers of interest:—as that 'On Atmospheric Waves'—that 'On the Colouring Matters found in Madder'—the concluding 'Report on the Gaussian Constants,' with its copious and carefully-elaborated tables—and others; but we prefer referring all who are interested in the advances of scientific inquiry to the 'Report' itself,—which they may receive as a faithful register of the progress of our knowledge in all those branches to which the labours of the British Association are directed. We have some reason to hope that more satisfactory evidence of progress will be exhibited at the meeting which is shortly to take place at Birmingham:—the note of preparation being promising.

#### Diary of Samuel Pepys. Vol. V. Colburn.

BOTH editor and publisher have kept faith with the public,—and Pepys's 'Diary' is now completed, as originally announced, in five volumes. We are sorry to part company as reviewers with so entertaining a writer as Pepys,—for there is no hope, we fear, of ever discovering his promised Continuation of his 'Diary' in long hand. Perhaps he never commenced it. That it would be wanting in the charm and privacy of the short-hand 'Diary' is obvious from the circumstance that the entries, though dictated by Pepys, were to be made by the hand of a confidential servant. Now, it is easy to see that the 'Diary' of Pepys was never kept with the slightest view to publication; and that so reserved a person in public as he would never have dictated to the most confidential servant the petty jealousies of his wife, the domestic bickerings and odd sayings and doings which give a reality and zest to the short-hand 'Diary.' We have here probably, therefore, all the 'Diary' that Pepys ever kept;—nor of any ten years of any other man's life is so much known as Pepys has revealed to us in his entertaining entries.

We have the same remark to make about the new matter included in the present portion of the 'Diary' that we made on the four preceding volumes. It is extremely curious, often important, and at times of more historical value than the old; and our wonder is increased when we attempt to discover on what particular principle of suppression Lord Braybrooke could have acted in editing the former editions of the work. We would advise any reader who is curious about the errors of editors to collate the first and second editions with the present issue:—the extraordinary way in which the pen has been dashed through whole sentences and particular entries will be found to be marvellously surprising. It is not our purpose, however, for a fifth time to expose by examples this very peculiar and slovenly style of performing the duties of an editor. We shall at once introduce our readers to those new portions of the 'Diary' which Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Southey, Mr. Disraeli, and others might have read, and would certainly have enjoyed, had Lord Braybrooke been less fastidious or less careless than he is now found to have been.—

"1st Sept. 1668. To Bartholomew Fair, and there



saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money, and many things, to admiration; and, among others, come to me, when she was bid to go to him of the company, that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12d. to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to kiss a mighty *belle fille* that was exceeding plain, but *fort belle*."

"17th Sept. 1668. At noon comes Knipp, with design to dine with Lord Brouncker, but she being undressed, and there being much company, dined with me; and after dinner I out with her and carried her to the playhouse; and in the way did give her five guineas as a fairing, I having given her nothing a great while, and her coming hither sometimes having been matter of cost to her. So to the King's playhouse, and saw 'Rollo, Duke of Normandy,' which, for old acquaintance, pleased me pretty well. This evening Batelier comes to tell me that he was going down to Cambridge to my company, to see the Fair, which vexed me, and the more because I fear he do know that Knipp did dine with me to-day."

"22nd Sept. 1668. To the Office, where sitting all the morning: at noon, home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening spent my time walking in the dark in the garden, to favour my eyes, which I find nothing but ease do help. In the garden there comes to me my Lady Pen and Mrs. Turner and Markham, and we sat and talked together, and I carried them home, and there eat a bit of something, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen, and eat with us, and mighty merry—in appearance at least, he being on all occasions glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another, and know it on both sides."

"28th Sept. 1668. Knipp's maid comes to me, to tell me that the women's day at the playhouse is to-day, and that therefore I must be there, to encrease their profit. I did give the pretty maid Betty that comes to me, half-a-crown for coming, and had a kiss or two—*elle being mighty jolite*."

"13th Oct. 1668. At my Lord Middleton's, to give him an account of what I had done this day, with his man, at Alderman Backwell's, about the getting of his 1,000*l.* paid; and here he did take occasion to discourse about the business of the Dutch war, which he says he was always an enemy to, and did discourse well of it, I saying little, but pleased to hear him talk, and to see how some men may by age come to know much, and yet by their drinking and other pleasures render themselves not very considerable."

"5th Nov. 1668. With Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work."

"25th Nov. 1668. My wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to see 'The Duchesse of Malfy,' a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard."

"30th Nov. 1668. Thence by water, Mr. Povey, Creed, and I to Arundell House, and there I see them choosing their council, it being St. Andrew's Day, and I had his cross set on my hat, and cost me 2s."

"10th Dec. 1668. With W. Hewer by coach to Smithfield, but met not Mr. Pickering, he being not come, and so Will and I to a cook's shop in Aldersgate Street; and dined well for 1s. 6*d.*, upon roast beef; and so, having dined, we back to Smithfield, and there met Pickering, and up and down all the afternoon about horses, and did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys. Here I met W. Joyce, who troubled me with his impertinencies a great while, and the like Mr. Knipp, who, it seems, is a kind of a jockey, and would fain have been doing something for me, but I avoided him, and the more for fear of being troubled thereby with his wife, whom I dare not see, for my vow to my wife. At last, concluded

upon giving 50*l.* for a fine pair of black horses we saw this day se'night; and so set Mr. Pickering down near his house, whom I am much beholden to, for his care herein, and he hath admirable skill, I perceive, in this business, and so home."

"19th Dec. 1668. We sat next to Betty Hall, that did belong to this house, [the King's house] and was Sir Philip Howard's mistress; a mighty pretty wench, though my wife will not think so; and I dare neither commend, nor be seen to look upon her, or any other, for fear of offending her. So our own coach coming for us, home, and to end letters, and my wife to read to me out of 'The Siege of Rhodes,' and so to supper, and to bed."

"1st Jan. 1669. After dinner, my wife and I with our coach to the King's playhouse, and there in a box saw 'The Mayden Queene.' Knipp looked upon us, but I durst not show her any countenance; and, as well as I could carry myself, I found my wife uneasy there, poor wretch! therefore I shall avoid that house as soon as I can. So back to my aunt's and there supped and talked, and staid pretty late, it being dry and moonshine, and so walked home."

"20th Jan. 1668-9. Home, my wife letting fall some words of her observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the play-house, meaning upon women, which did vex me; but, however, when we come home, we were good friends; and so to read, and to supper, and so to bed."

"21st Jan. 1668-9. To the Duke of York's house, all but Dyke, who went away on other business; and there saw 'The Tempest;' but it is but ill done by Gosnell in lieu of Moll Davis. Thence set them at home with my wife; and I to the 'Change, and so home, where my wife mightily dogged, and I vexed to see it, being mightily troubled, of late, at her being out of humour, for fear of her discovering any new matter of offence against me, though I am conscious of none; but do hate to be uneasy at home."

"2nd Feb. 1668-9. My wife in mighty ill humour all night, and in the morning I found it to be from her observing Knipp to wink and smile on me, and she says I smiled on her; and, poor wretch! I did perceive that she did, and do on all such occasions, mind my eyes. I did, with much difficulty, pacify her, and were friends, she desiring that hereafter, at that house, we might always sit either above in a box, or, if there be no room, close up to the lower box."

"12th Feb. 1668-9. My wife and I to Hercules Pillars, and there dined; and there coming a Frenchman by with his shew, we did make him shew it us, which he did just as Lacy acts it, which made it mighty pleasant to me. Away, and to Dancre's, and there saw our picture of Greenwich in doing, which is mighty pretty."

"18th March 1669. My wife and I to Dancre's to see the pictures; and thence to Hyde Park, the first time we were there this year, or ever, in our own coach, where with mighty pride rode up and down, and many coaches there; and I thought our horses and coach as pretty as any there, and observed so to be by others. Here staid till night, and so home."

"24th March 1669. Homeward to Chatham, to Captain Allen's, and there 'light, and sent the coach and Gibson home, and I and Coney staid; and there comes to us Mrs. Jowles [Beck Allen] who is a very fine, proper lady, as most I know, and well dressed. Here was also a gentleman, one Major Manly, and his wife, neighbours; and here we staid, and drank, and talked, and sat. Coney and he to play, while Mrs. Jowles and I to talk, and there had all our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often; and she mighty free in kindness to me; and had there been time, I might have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my pressing it, was very willing to go. Here was a pretty cousin of her's come into supper also, of a great fortune, daughter-in-law to this Manly, mighty pretty, but had now such a cold, she could not speak. Here staid till almost twelve at night, and then with a lantern from thence walked over the fields, as dark as pitch, and mighty cold, and snow, to Chatham, and Mr. Coney with great kindness to me; and there all in bed before I come home, and so I presently to bed."

"5th April 1669. At noon by appointment comes

Mr. Sheres, and he and I to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for us in our coach, and Betty Turner with her; and we to the Mulberry Garden, where Sheres is to treat us with a Spanish Olio, by a cook of his acquaintance that is there, that was with my Lord in Spain: and without any other company, he did do it, and mighty nobly; and the Olio was indeed a very noble dish, such as I never saw better, or any more of. This, and the discourse he did give us of Spain, and description of the Escorial, was a fine treat."

"11th April 1669. Meeting Mr. Sheres, took him to see the fine flower-pot I saw yesterday, and did again offer [Verelst the painter] 20*l.* for it; but he insists upon 50*l.* By and by to my wife at Unthanke's, and with her was Jane, and so to the Cocke, where they, and I, and Sheres, and Tom dined, my wife having a great desire to eat of their soup made of pease."

"13th April 1669. After the play to Creed's, and there find him and his wife together alone, in their new house, where I never was before; and a pretty house it is; but I do not see that they intend to keep any coach. Here they treat us like strangers, quite according to the fashion—nothing to drink or eat, which is a thing that will spoil our ever having any acquaintance with them; for we do continue the old freedom and kindness of England to all our friends."

"16th April 1669. My wife being gone abroad with W. Hewer, to see the new play to-day, at the Duke of York's house, 'Guzman;' I dined alone with my people, and in the afternoon away by coach to White Hall; and there the Office attended the Duke of York; and being despatched pretty soon, and told that we should not wait on the King, as intended, till Sunday, I thence presently to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the 18*th* seat, did get room to see almost three acts of the play; but it seemed to me but very ordinary. After the play done, I into the pit, and there find my wife and W. Hewer; and Sheres got to them, which, as jealous is my nature, did trouble me, though my judgment tells me there is no hurt in it, on neither side; but here I did meet with Shadwell, the poet, who, to my great wonder, do tell me that my Lord of [Orrey] did write this play, trying what he could do in comedy, since his heroic plays could do no more wonders. This do trouble me; for it is as mean a thing, and so he says, as hath been upon the stage a great while; and Harris, who hath no part in it, did come to me, and told me in discourse, that he was glad of it, it being a play that will not take."

"22nd April 1669. To the King's playhouse, and saw 'The generous Portugalls,' a play that pleases me better and better every time we see it; and, I thank God! it did not trouble my eyes so much as I was afraid it would. Here, by accident, we met Mr. Sheres, and yet I could not but be troubled, because my wife do so delight to talk of him, and to see him. Nevertheless, we took him with us to our mercer's, and to the Exchange, and he helped me to choose a summer-suit of coloured camelot, coat and breeches, and a flowered tabby coat very rich; and so home, where he took his leave, and down to Greenwich, where he hath some friends, and I to see Colonel Middleton, who hath been ill for a day or two, or three; and so home to supper, and to bed."

Fifty-two pages of "Addenda to the Diary" in the shape of corrections and additions, while they evince the negligence of the editor at the outset of his undertaking, do credit at the same time to his willingness to be informed. Some of these "Addenda" are drawn, we observe, from our own columns, but without acknowledgment. His Lordship is of course not too well pleased with what we have done for this new edition; but the purchaser is under an obligation to us for pointing out the errors and omissions, and putting his Lordship on the alert for the "Addenda" which he has now produced. Were we to fall back on the former volumes we could add considerably to these "Addenda;" but we shall confine our few observations to the entries contained in the present volume.

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Lord Braybrooke is wrong in stating that Webb the architect was the son-in-law of Inigo Jones. The great architect describes him in his will as John Webb, who married my kinswoman, Anne Jones. The Bedlam of the year 1669 was in Bishopsgate Without, not in Moorfields; the Hospital was removed to Moorfields in 1675. The account of the Clothworkers Hall of 1663 has no relation to the Clothworkers Hall of 1669. The Hall was destroyed in the Fire of 1666. Lord Braybrooke should have added that the Mayor of the year was Sir William Peake, clothworker. The Duke of York's letter which Pepys drew up, and to which he refers so particularly, is to be found, Lord Braybrooke should have told his readers, in Harleian MS. 6003. The print of Harris as Cardinal Wolsey is a contemporary engraving, of which only two impressions are known,—one in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and the other in the rich collection of theatrical prints, belonging to Mr. Daniel of Islington. The merry doings at Saxam (p. 30) might have been illustrated by an extract from one of Lord Arlington's letters printed in 'Miscellanea Antica.' Lord Braybrooke should have told us that Pepys's cousin Stradwicke was the Mr. Stradwicke living at the sign of the Star on Snow Hill, in whose house, in 1688, John Bunyan died. It is clear, too, from Evelyn's 'Diary,' that the translation of the 'Horace' of P. Corneille which Pepys saw acted was by Mrs. Phillips, not by Charles Cotton. The account of Kynaston's beating is originally told by Oldys, not by Malone,—who has missed much that is interesting, in his attempt to alter Oldys's rough memorandum. Lord Braybrooke should have told us that Pepys and Evelyn differ by five inches in the height of the tall woman exhibited in Holborn. Pepys makes her six feet five, Evelyn six feet ten. The account of Ann Ogle, one of the Maids of Honour to the Duchess of York, is very imperfect. To the prophecy of Pepys that Lord Orrery's 'Guzman' would not take upon the stage, a note should have been added from Downes, the prompter, who says it "took well." There can be no doubt about the O'Neale of the inscription at Boughton Malherbe being the same with the O'Neale of the 'Diary'; and that the great O'Neale of Pepys was the husband of the Countess of Chesterfield is proved by his will in Doctors Commons, as well as by the inscription which errs only in the date of 1663 for 1664.—One of Lord Braybrooke's very worst notes is his account of Sir Harry Sheres, which we quote entire.—

"H. Sheres was afterwards employed, under Lord Dartmouth, as an engineer in blowing up the works at Tangier in 1683. He had previously been one of Lord Sandwich's suite in the embassy to Spain,—and seems to have been living in 1703, when he is described as a knight."

Now, this very meagre note is not affixed to the earliest reference to Mr. Sheres which occurs in the 'Diary,' and where we contend it (or rather a better one) ought to have stood,—but is found appended to one of the latest references to the name which occurs in the 'Diary.' Sir Harry deserves to have received not only an earlier but a fuller note from the hands of Lord Braybrooke. To show, therefore, the "fairness" of our criticism rather than the extent of our information we will give a note of our own about Sheres for Lord Braybrooke's second "Addenda."

Sir Henry or Sir Harry Sheres accompanied Lord Sandwich into Spain; where he acquired that Spanish character for which he has been distinguished by many of his contemporaries. He returned to England in September, 1667, carrying letters from Lord Sandwich; and is

described by Pepys, who saw him on his return, as "a good ingenious man, but do talk a little too much of his travels." He presented Pepys with a silver candlestick "after a form" he saw in Spain,—and became intimate at Pepys's house. "Thence home," he writes, March 31st, 1669, "and there find Mr. Sheres, of whom I find my wife of late to talk with mighty kindness; and particularly he hath shown himself to be a poet, and that she do mightily value him for." A pretty song of his composition is inserted by Southerne in his 'Oroonoko,' 4to., 1696. He treated Pepys to a Spanish olio at the Mulberry Garden (5th of April, 1669); and is mentioned by Sir George Etherege in a letter from Ratisbon,—"Pray tell Sir Henry Sheres his honesty and good understanding have made me love him ever since I knew him; if we meet in England again he may find the gravity of this place has fitted me for his Spanish humour." He translated Polybius (2 vols. 8vo. 1693), to which Dryden prefixed a character of Polybius and his writings; and some of the Dialogues of Lucian included in the translation in 3 vols. 8vo. 1711, for which Dryden wrote a life, were made by him. The Polybius has since been superseded by the excellent translation of Hampton. He was an officer in the Ordnance, and served under Lord Dartmouth at the demolition of the mole at Tangier in 1683,—and was knighted circa 1684. Lord Dartmouth relates that he had been desired by Oliver Cromwell's daughter who married Lord Fauconberg to write an inscription for her husband's monument, in which she wished to have inserted that in such a year he married his Highness the then Lord Protector of England's daughter. He died in or before the year 1713; No. 82 of the *Guardian* containing an advertisement for the sale on the 17th of June in that year of the library of Sir Henry Sheres deceased (Malone's Dryden, iv. 230). Pepys bequeathed him a ring.

There is a capital index to the five volumes:—but the Correspondence is less full, we are sorry to observe, than in former editions.

#### FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

[Second Notice.]

M. de Lamartine and his colleagues could not disguise from themselves that their Provisional Government was a usurpation sanctioned neither by the royalty which had been overthrown nor by the democracy which had triumphed. Monarchy had many chances in its favour; the forts round Paris were garrisoned,—the troops of the line, paralyzed by the armistice, might have been collected in the Champs Elysées or on the esplanade of the Tuileries,—and Vincennes would have afforded a safe refuge to the royal family until overwhelming reinforcements had arrived from the provinces. But the King had abdicated, the Chamber had adjourned, no Regency had been formed, and no Ministry existed. M. Emile de Girardin throws the whole blame of this confusion upon M. Thiers. After prohibiting defence, he made no provision to avert attack:—at the great crisis he was absent from his post in the Palace and silent in the Chamber. Had he convened a council of ministers and appealed in the name of order to the citizens of Paris,—had he brought together the Deputies behind the troops, still amply sufficient for their protection,—the Provisional Government would probably have found no obedience to its mandates.

It was not until after night had fallen that the ultra-democrats who had achieved the Revolution became aware of the completeness of their victory. At the moment when they received this intelligence they learned that the fruits of their triumph had been wrested from their hands. In the list of the Provisional Go-

vernment there was but one name—that of Ledru Rollin—which could be received as representing their principles. A Republic, indeed, had been proclaimed—but not a word had been said of the Organization of Labour; Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were printed at the head of innumerable proclamations,—but none of these proclamations promised an equal division of wealth or a heavy mulcting of property for the support of poverty.—

Several times the excited multitude had rapped at the retired chamber in which the Provisional Government sat, menacing to throw its members out of the windows and refusing obedience to its decrees. M. Crémieux, and afterwards M. Marie, succeeded by uniting threats with clever applications in turning back these bands to the courts of the Hôtel de Ville:—they had re-conquered the moral authority of the Government. Seven times since night had fallen M. de Lamartine had quitted his pen, to rush, followed by some faithful citizens, to the corridors, the staircases, and even to the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, to ask from those disorganized masses either obedience or death. Each time, received at first with imprecations and murmurs, he had ended by turning off right and left the sabres, the daggers and the bayonets brandished by drunken or frantic hands. Using for tribune a window, a balustrade, or one of the marble steps, he had caused arms to be lowered, cries to be silenced, applause to be given, and tears of enthusiasm and reason to be shed.

Such exertions sufficed so long as the revolutionary parties presented themselves in detached bands, without having any opportunity of acting in concert; but on the night of the 25th, when the Provisional Government had assumed something of an organic form, the Revolutionists began to discover the extent of their disappointment. They had taken up arms not so much against Royalty as against the Bourgeoisie,—and they saw the ascendancy of the Bourgeoisie as firmly established as ever.—

The Terrorist party was conscious, in spite of itself, that it wanted leaders whose names would command respect; it had however great ambition to seize on power. It wished power for itself alone. It admitted neither peace, nor concord, nor tolerance for the National Guard, the Bourgeoisie, the departments, the clergy, large or small properties, or anything which it called aristocracy. Its premeditated rule was nothing but a universal ostracism; but it knew the horror with which it would inspire France if it produced itself in open day. It resolved with desperate boldness to impose itself anonymously on the country by exhibiting its forces the next morning,—by exercising the fascination of terror over the capital and the pressure of its arms over the Provisional Government,—by intimidating or destroying its members,—by introducing some of its own chiefs into the government,—and by forcing the Republic to assume the red flag as a sign of acceptance of its sentiments and complicity in its domination.

The newspapers of the day have rendered us all familiar with the terrible struggle which the Provisional Government had to maintain against the insane demands of sixty thousand fanatics calling for the immediate adoption of confiscation, massacre, and the total disruption of social order. Ample justice, too, has been done to the ready eloquence with which M. de Lamartine succeeded in procuring precious armistices and hours of delay until the citizens had time to assemble in sufficient numbers to overawe the Terrorists. Still, the Provisional Government was forced to compromise with disorder:—Socialism was installed in the Luxembourg and Communism embodied in the *Ateliers Nationaux*. Even thus, the contest was only adjourned. It was fought out to the last extremity on the fatal days of June. M. de Lamartine seems disposed to admit that too much was conceded to Socialist error. He gives the following explanation of the circulation afforded to the most pernicious doctrines of Communism under the



direct patronage of the Provisional Government.—

Madame (George) Sand, attracted by the fame of the Revolution, had visited M. de Lamartine on her arrival in Paris. The minister of Foreign Affairs exerted himself to bring over to his views this genius, masculine in its form and feminine in the quickness of its convictions. He had a conversation of several hours with this important woman, at a crisis when the popular tempest could be governed only by the winds which raised its waves. He had convinced Madame Sand that the new institutions could not be safe without the immediate, energetic and complete repudiation of the excesses and crimes which had dishonoured and destroyed the first Revolution; he had conjured her to lend the powers with which God had endowed her to the cause of order and public morality. She promised him to do so with that accent of passionate enthusiasm which reveals the sincerity of conviction. She only asked him for a few days to go into Berry and put her affairs in order. On her return she was to edit a popular journal which would infuse into the minds of the masses principles of peace, discipline and fraternity; to which her pen and her name would have given the advantage and the glory of her popularity. She departed with these intentions. On her return, old predilections for the adventurous theories of socialism united her through Louis Blanc to the centre of the opposite policy. Lamartine learned that she edited at the Ministry of the Interior, an official paper, entitled the *Bulletin of the Republic*. This paper, flattered by the inspirations of Communism, recalled by its terms and phrases the horrible reminiscences of the first republic,—filling some with the fanaticism of impatience, others with that of terror. The majority of the council, informed of the existence of this Bulletin, grieved over this deviation of talent of the first order, which thus placed under the responsibility of Government words and doctrines openly contradictory to its spirit. The Minister of the Interior (Ledru Rollin) had not leisure to superintend in person this journal emanating from his office. It was agreed that none of these Bulletins should be transmitted to the departments without having been examined by one of the members of the Government; they divided the days of the week with each other for such superintendence. The innumerable details with which they were overcharged and the incidents of urgent necessity recurring every day caused this duty to be frequently neglected. Some Bulletins that got out in consequence of this negligence carried the most scandalous and incendiary opinions into the departments.

We may reasonably ask, with Dunoyer, why did not the Provisional Government either discontinue, or openly disavow this journal? They did neither. They could not have been ignorant that it proclaimed over and over again the absolute right of the citizens of Paris to dictate to the rest of France, and the duty of dissolving the National Assembly should the provinces return members unfavourable to the pretensions of the metropolis. It is, therefore, impossible for them to evade the charge of complicity in such sentiments.

We give M. de Lamartine all possible credit for his exertions to preserve the peace of Europe. His public diplomacy is irreproachable:—but we cannot award the same praise to the policy pursued towards the agitators and democrats who flocked to Paris from every part of Europe. He thus describes them.—

These agitators caused the most grave disquietude to the Government. Paris was filled with Polish refugees, Belgian conspirators, German demagogues, and Italian patriots, summoned thither by the explosion of a revolution which they hoped to convert into a focus of European conflagration that would embrace the entire Continent. Eight days after the Revolution there were more than 15,000 of these men in Paris. The Italians, naturally an intelligent and politic people, caused no embarrassment to the Government. They did not endeavour to infuse anarchy, a principle contrary to their nature, into an infant republic the cradle of which they embraced with hope. This republic rightly

directed was sure sooner or later to acquire strength for their advantage, and extend over them a salutary protection from the summit of the Alps. But the Belgians were in a ferment: their emissaries were united by previous plots with some of the second-rate men who surrounded the Government. They secretly formed with them plans for a republican insurrection in Belgium; they undertook themselves to involve France, against her will, in invasions which having indirectly kindled a flame at Brussels would extend to the Rhenish provinces, and thus by fomenting universal war would ensure in France itself the triumph of war and of democracy. The Irish united to the English Chartists precipitated themselves on the Continent, and sought insurrectional complicities in France at once with the demagogues in the name of liberty and with the chiefs of the Catholic party in the name of Catholicism. The German refugees from the Rhenish provinces, from Wurtemberg, from Bavaria, from the Grand Duchy of Baden, invited such of their countrymen as had previously conspired with them in different countries to organize at Paris and Strasbourg a nucleus of republican emigration ready to pass the Rhine under the apparent authority of the French name, and thus engage the Republic in a war of propagandism against constitutional Germany. Finally, the expatriated Poles, a people taking the universe for its country, and which carries into all lands of its adoption the virtues and vices of a brave and unfortunate race, agitated the Parisian populace to absolute madness. France doubtless owed much to this brave and ruined nation, but it did not owe its entire policy and the peace of the world. \* \* \* The Polish refugees kindled the flame of war in the clubs, and formed clubs of their own more incendiary than those of the French. Some abused our hospitality to set fire to the asylum which France afforded them; they employed the subsidies of France in agitation and in organizing tumult and sedition.

The attempt of the 15th of April is ascribed chiefly to foreigners,—but the more fearful insurrection of June was produced by the closing of the *Ateliers Nationaux*. M. de Lamartine avers that if the precautions which he recommended had been adopted the struggle of June would have been averted. He intended to have gradually dispersed the masses of pauperism, indolence and crime which had accumulated in the pretended workshops, instead of closing these suddenly and altogether. But it was justly said in answer to him that so soon as the intentions of the Government were discovered the insurrection would burst forth, and each atelier would be a rendezvous for its own desperate band.—The history concludes with the removal of the Provisional Government and the installation of General Cavaignac.

Since this article was commenced, M. de Lamartine has published in the *Presse* a portion of a new brochure, entitled, *Le Coup d'Etat*:—in which he vindicates his share in the establishment of the Republic on rather different ground from that taken by him in the volumes before us. The Revolution of February he says was the work of no person or party:—it made itself like a limited and circumscribed earthquake which swallowed only a worn-out throne. He concedes to M. Thiers and his party that the Republic was not desired and is not popular; but he contends that the conduct of the dynastic opposition had rendered it inevitable, and that it would now be most difficult and most dangerous to attempt the establishment of any other form of government. Though M. Thiers is not named, this brochure is obviously directed against him and his recent speech. One passage deserves notice.—

No; we were not the persons—and history, which does not avenge but which judges, will tell who were the different statesmen of the monarchy on whom will for ever weigh the responsibility of the reign of those coalitions, of those assaults, of those agitations, of that fall, of that catastrophe, of that total eclipse of the monarchy! I tell you beforehand that I am

here, and will not east my burthen upon anybody:—I accept my part, but I return yours. Now, are you aware of the truth? It was you who made the Revolution:—we made the Republic. The Republic to occupy, to aggrandize, and to regulate the Revolution.

Like M. de Girardin, with whom he has recently formed a close connexion, M. de Lamartine describes public opinion in France as in a state of profound dissatisfaction with what exists and utter uncertainty regarding the future. He agrees with M. Dunoyer in regarding the Revolution as equally unnecessary and inevitable; but he maintains that a change in the republican constitution would lead to a long series of sanguinary revolutions, of which no man could foresee the termination or the issue.

#### POETRY OF THE MILLION.

IN returning to the Poetry of the Million, we are at some loss as to the manner in which we should acknowledge the qualified testimony to the justice of our strictures which is contained in one of the volumes before us. That justice we have ourselves desired to temper with such mercy as we might; but a sterner style the Rev. Mr. Newton seems to think might have befitted our argument. Mr. Newton—whose *Flight of the Apostate, a Poem, in Three Parts*, is before us—is himself a true Boanerges. In the fulness of his own epic genius, he considers that no greater sin than mediocrity in verse can challenge the vengeance of Heaven itself. In the long denunciatory Notes to his poem he has framed an ample theory on the subject, and engaged all three worlds in its support. To our series of articles under the present title he has made especial reference in terms of great severity because they are not severe enough. His principal objection—after certain spiritual ones, which are urged with more than the usual spiritual arrogance—appears to be, to the fact of our justifying our censures by the production of passages from the poems censured—thereby spreading the folly. He has another objection—which he thus states.—

“It is no excuse to preface thus the quantity of rhyming trash with which they who profess to be leaders in taste thus surfeit the public. The effects are such as we at present witness. An Englishman now shrinks, with instinctive disgust, from a page of poetry. That which ever used to be considered the most soul-stirring and ennobling, as well as the rarest of intellectual productions, is now trampled under foot like salt that has lost its savour; and next to the cause already assigned in these pages, we may thank the Reviewers, with a few laudable exceptions, for this most unnatural state of things. One cannot open their pages, without soon falling upon that which, in the shape of poetry, is ‘neither rhyme nor reason.’ These offences against the most ordinary taste are committed with a sort of understanding, tacit or expressed, that ‘the poetry’ thus given is ‘for the million.’ They will allow the author to submit to them, that the taste of the million, were that taste not woefully vitiated by so many periodicals throwing open their pages to all ranks of poetasters, is the standard of what is or is not to survive a generation. It was the million, in days when there were no Reviews, who preserved the most ancient and choicest of poetical productions.”

Now, as is not an uncommon misfortune with men who are very angry, our author's argument, if it be really directed against ourselves, proceeds upon a foolish mistake. We quite agree with him in his regard for the million; and it is with a view to keeping their taste pure for that poetry which is for the million that we have established our series of articles under the head of “Poetry of the Million.” For the Rev. Mr. Newton has mistaken our title, and is arguing in pure waste. The difference between our real title and that which he supplies is exactly the amount of his thesis. The poetry of the million is just that poetry which

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can never become poetry for the million. The best poetry is "for" the million, and gets read by a fair proportion of the number; the worst poetry is "of" the million, and remains unread save by those whose hard duty it is to pronounce judgment on all that falls from the press.

But, as we have hinted, Mr. Newton has other objections to the poetry of the day than that of its not being poetry. Even where the Muses have inspired the form, as well as where they have not, it is, according to him, a trick of the Archfiend's. Our best modern poets as well as our worst, — Scott, Byron, Shelley, Moore, &c. — have all been engaged in his service. But we will let the writer state the matter in his own way: — premising that we take him in one of his milder moods. —

"Mortal! whatever brought thee to this spot,  
Know,—England's Muse eternally is doom'd!  
And thou may'st weep a fact: that she is not.

"It is not difficult to account for such an unnatural state of things. If we will accept the testimony of every publisher in the land; that is true of the Anglo-Saxon intellect at this moment, which never yet was true of any generation of men, or of any portion of the human race, since Adam was created. It hears of poetry with a feeling little short of loathing. And how could it be otherwise? To repeat our simile in prose: — If certain persons had the power, all over the land, of mixing arsenic with flour, in such quantities as to destroy gradually the digestive organs and the constitution, men would at last loath the very name of bread, and shudder at the sight of a loaf. So is it now with poetry. The destroyer of the intellect, as well as of the soul, has done his work ably through the Byrons, Moores, Shelleys, &c., of a generation now passing away. Good poets, with despicable subjects, have been more efficient in the work of evil than bad poets with good materials; as a skilful doctor who has lost his reason would, ere the truth is known, do far more mischief in his neighbourhood than a well-known quack. \* \* The powers of light and darkness are in close and mortal conflict. Mighty are the efforts which 'the strong man armed,' using as his weapons the works of Infidel poets and sentimentalists, has been making to retain his position in the human soul. And the harder he is pressed, and the nearer the hour of his defeat, (for 'he knows that he has but a short time,') the more furious is his wrath, and the more powerful and dangerous his last struggle. To be plain: \* \* if there are all the signs of our being on the eve of a great religious revival; then there is something in man which leaves him dissatisfied with such poetry as Byron produced, or the long, rhyming, worldly tales of which Scott is the author. And the best proof of this is, that their productions live not so much in present enjoyment as in the memory; that even by the present generation, — to say nothing of future ones, — they are remembered rather than read. Man now wants more; and is to be, by Divine grace, fitted for more than can be supplied by Infidel or imreligious poets. His condition at present resembles, in some respects, the state of prostration caused by the application of poisonous stimulants, to be soon followed by a strong revulsion — a powerful and healthy reaction in his nature."

Our readers will see that Mr. Newton's trump is terrible enough even where it is blowing a lament: we will spare them a specimen of its voice when sounding a charge against the infidel, — that is, every man who holds any other opinion, critical, moral, or religious, than his own. However, to aid in the "reaction" spoken of Mr. Newton some time ago produced a poem under the title of 'Antichrist'; and nothing, it appears, could exceed his surprise when he found that the reviewers differed in opinion on its merits. "It was to him a matter of no little astonishment, that the same week or day should send forth on the same poem regarding the execution, and even on the same topics, the most flatly contradictory statements." According to one the theme of Mr. Newton was "mighty," his treatment "skilful," and his versification "generally smooth and flowing:" — according

to another, the author's "apple-tree was a crab," and his versification was pronounced to be "as rugged and infelicitous as his general style was involved and obscure." Now, can Mr. Newton not see that his logic falls here again, — and that if he would only get his terms right he might save himself a great deal of surprise? The contradictory oracles above quoted were not statements, — but opinions. However, for the due expression of his indignation and further assertion of his own authority, it became necessary for him to write and to publish this new poem, 'The Flight of the Apostate.' The subject is connected with the present state of the Continent — and of Rome in particular — as well as with the great European Revolution of 1848. But as of these remarkable events the condition of literature and reviewing is the ultimate type, — and as it is in this shape that the prevailing evil has been brought home to the author's own door — this poem in three parts is mainly directed against the current poetry, criticism, and popular literature of the day. To discuss these topics, angelic conferences are held both celestial and infernal; and such an exposure is made of their corruption and abuse as Mr. Newton feels assured must lead to an immediate reform. We will not undertake the dangerous adventure of discussing that assurance with Mr. Newton; but content ourselves with giving a single note from his instrument — which may perhaps suffice to enable our readers to judge for themselves whether the walls of the literary Jericho are likely to go down before it. We have selected the particular instance as appropriate to our article, — being directed against "the Poets of the Million." The italics in the extract are the author's own. —

Next million elves, who worry Satan's Muse.  
No spirits of his glorious, gloomy great —  
But mimic elves — who each a master choose,  
Without his glory, puffing off his state.  
Like spoiling locusts, after vernal shower,  
To blooming nature on the zephyrs borne;  
They were fair nature — only to devour.  
Th' Archfiend beheld — soliloquy'd in scorn.  
"Over the present intellectual waste  
For a poetic treat I vainly look.  
We've heaps of garbage for Reviewers' taste  
Made sav'ry, by our poetaster cook."  
Th' Archfiend dismiss'd them, struggling to conceal  
His indignation; but he smooth'd his frown,  
And mutter'd — "They all rhyme for Babel's weal.  
A wreath from Babel's altar be their crown."

From the epic, as next in dignity, we pass to the dramatic muse: — and commence in this department with a translation from Sophocles by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. The tragedy selected is the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. The version is professedly executed — and, therefore, expressly published in a cheap form — for the purpose of extending the knowledge of the Greek poet to the many. The rendering is almost literal — yet are the grammar and prosody seldom faulty. Great care has evidently been taken — and the task has found a scholar competent to its performance. The text is rendered clear by notes — and in particular the meaning of the odes by analyses. Other aids are thrown in by way of stage-direction; the work being thereby better fitted for the popular apprehension than if executed in a more severe spirit. By way of example we cite one of the lyric passages. —

Who is that man whom Delphi's rock  
Divinely uttering, brands  
Doer of deeds, whose horrors mock  
All speech, with blood-stained hands?  
"Tis time for him, in flying course,  
More furious than the storm-paced horse,  
His foot to ply:  
Full armed, with flashing bolts of fire,  
On him the Jove-born leaps from high,  
And the dread Fates, that never tire,  
Are following high:  
Forth from Parnassus, topped with snow,  
Like flame an utterance ran,  
Made clear but now, that all should go  
And track the shrouded man.

For underneath the forest grim,  
Through crags and caves, like some wild bull,  
He drags along each wretched limb,  
All desolate and sorrowful;  
Since from the oracles that soar  
Out of mid earth's prophetic core,  
To flee away.

He strives, but they  
Float round him, living evermore —  
Shuddering I hear those sounds of woe  
That from the mighty prophet flow,  
Their truth I dare not own, although  
They may not be by man denied,  
How I should speak I doubt, and glide  
On airy hopes along, nor see  
The present, nor the time to be.

From the Greek we pass to an English tragedy, with a kindred title — *William the Norman, or the Tyrant Displayed*, by R. Otley. This drama is preceded by a violent political philippic against the character of the tyrant who is its subject, the dynasty which he founded, and all subsequent dynasties; the author rejoicing in adducing "illustrious examples of royal criminals of revolting character." Without meaning to get up a quarrel with the author about his facts — which, for the most part, are not of the kind that lend themselves readily to the art of the advocate — we may yet say that Mr. Otley is very foul-mouthed. And as when we come to his poetry we have nothing to say in its favour — and as we have still the fear of Mr. Newton before our eyes, with whom Mr. Otley is the very man to form an alliance as regards the practice of denunciation — we will spare Mr. Otley, and perhaps ourselves — certainly our readers — by refraining from quotation.

We proceed further in hope of faring better: and take a drama dedicated "with permission" to Mr. Macready. The title is *The Sybil, a Tragedy, and Poems*, by S. Henry Covell. If Mr. Macready's permission to dedicate imply approbation of the work, we will be kinder to Mr. Covell than the actor has been. We feel bound to tell him that he is neither poet nor dramatist; and, as far as we can judge from this publication, not in the way of becoming either. His diction is poor, and his metre deficient. — Without proving our criticism from the play itself — perhaps a single verse taken at random from the minor 'Poems' may indicate the insufficiency of the qualities which have not hesitated to fly at the highest poetic quarry. —

She has gone to that land where sin is not known;  
The abode of the righteous: heaven is her home.  
And sorrow no more in her bosom shall rise,  
But joy shall be hers in your bright azure skies.

The next drama at which we arrive has been played. *Richard the First*, a romantic play, in five acts, by George Wightwick, was acted last year at the Plymouth Theatre; where, if we may trust the advertisement, it met with a "flattering reception." Nor is the work without merit. If its flight be nowhere lofty as poetry, its interest is straightforward as drama. There is action skilfully contrived, though not perfectly elaborated — and there is much lively and vigorous dialogue, though not in the choicest diction. The characters of the lion-hearted King and of the minstrel Blondel are both able portraits — faithful, if not highly finished. The scene, in the fourth act, of Richard on trial before the Diet of Worms is effectively produced, — and we have no doubt told well on the stage; while in the fifth the surprise of the monarch's sudden return to England, and the discomfiture of Prince John and his adherents, are well managed. But the want of ideality, and still more of the poetic element, in the style precludes us from quotation.

From the dramatic we descend to the lyric; and in the expectation of finding something that may permit quotation, we take up with the *English Melodies* of Mr. Charles Swain. Here we have at any rate poetry, — not of a very high order, but certainly poetry. We are glad to find

in this volume many pieces not before published. They are principally lyrical,—and for the most part songs. Turning over the pages, we pause at the following dashing strain.—

Give me a fresh'ning breeze ahead,  
While swift the broad prow dips;  
While far and wide the foam is spread,  
And the salt is on our lips:  
Like winged steeds the billows leap,  
Their white manes dash'd with brine;  
Hurrah! there's nothing like the deep,  
Where'er the sun may shine.

Where'er the sun may shine, my boys,  
There's nothing like the sea;  
The spirit never soars so high,  
The heart ne'er bounds so free,  
As when the briny billows bear  
With giant arms the ship:  
I seem e'en now to taste the air  
Of freedom on my lip!

Of freedom on my lip, my boys,  
The dash, the foam, the spray;  
The chorus of the elements,  
Rough sounding on their way:  
The laughing surges on our lee,  
Carreering in their mirth:  
Hurrah! one hour upon the sea  
Is worth a year on earth.

There is an artist touch in these verses:—

*To the Lark.*

Wherefore is thy song so gay?  
Wherefore is thy flight so free?  
Singing—soaring—day by day;  
Thou'rt a bird of low degree!

Tirral-la!  
Scarcely shelter'd from the mould,  
We thy humble nest can see;  
Wherefore is thy song so bold?  
Little bird of low degree.  
Tirral-la! Tirral-la!

Humbly though my dwelling lie,  
Next door neighbour to the earth;  
Rank, though lifted ne'er so high,  
Cannot soar like humble worth:  
Tirral-la!

Shall I silently repine,  
When these birds of loftier airs  
Say no parent race of mine  
Built a nest as high as theirs?  
Tirral-la! Tirral-la!

Give me but a summer morn,  
Sweet with dew and golden light,  
And the richest plumage born  
Well may envy me my flight!  
Tirral-la!

Through the azure halls of day,  
Where the path of freedom lies,  
Tirral-la! is still my lay—  
Onward, upward to the skies!  
Tirral-la! Tirral-la!

We venture upon a dip or two more for the sake of sweetening the close of our article—and compensating for its large amount of dispraise and reproof. For such reason it is that Mr. Swain is introduced under this head—which is not his proper place. Mr. Swain may claim to sing for the Million.—

*The Heart's Music.*

The bird that to the evening sings  
Leaves music, when her song is ended;  
A sweetness left—which takes not wings—  
But with each pulse of eve is blended:  
Thus life involves a double light,  
Our acts and words have many brothers;  
The heart that makes its own delight  
Makes also a delight for others.

The owls that hoot from midnight tower  
Shed gloom and discord ere they leave it;  
And sweetness closes, like a flower  
That shuts itself from tones that grieve it:  
Thus life involves or double joy,  
Or double gloom, for each hath brothers;  
The heart that makes its own annoy  
Makes also an annoy for others.

The following is graceful and musical.—

Tripping down the field-path,  
Early in the morn,  
There I met my own love,  
'Midst the golden corn;  
Autumn winds were blowing,  
As in frolic chase,  
All her silken ringlets  
Backward from her face,  
Little time for speaking  
Had she, for the wind  
Bonnet, scarf, or ribbon,  
Ever swept behind.

Still some sweet improvement:  
In her beauty shone;  
Every graceful movement  
Won me—one by one!

As the breath of Venus  
Seem'd the breeze of morn,  
Blowing thus between us,  
'Midst the golden corn.  
Little time for wooing  
Had we, for the wind  
Still kept on undoing  
What we sought to bind!

Oh! that autumn morning  
In my heart it beams,  
Love's last look adorning  
With its dream of dreams!  
Still like waters flowing  
In the ocean shell—  
Sounds of breezes blowing  
In my spirit dwell!  
Still I see the field-path:—  
Would that I could see  
Her whose graceful beauty  
Lost is now to me!

Here we close for the present:—repeating that Mr. Swain's volume is well calculated for popularity. It has in some measure already had earnest of the public approbation, we believe, in a fair amount of local success.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Confessions of a Hypochondriac; or, the Adventures of a Hyp in search of Health.* By M.R.C.S.—A clever satire upon the opathies and isms which by omission and commission play such strange tricks with Her Majesty's subjects now-a-days, may be wanted—since Truth is to be disengaged (as the chemists use the verb) from Empiricism only by the searching acid of Ridicule. But in proportion as the exposure is complete and the hits palpable, will the task be dreary and unpleasant. The subject is one for a Swift to have revelled in: for he seemed to court rather than to avoid exhibiting those humiliating accidents and agonies which “wring us through our fellowship with clay.” On the present occasion it has fallen into the hands of a good-natured writer who appears never to have approached within a mile of an idea of the pains and penalties of his subject,—and who seems to us to act Mr. Croaker's part with great feebleness. There is little, however, to offend in these homoeopathically hypochondriac Confessions;—and worse books have come into favour as light literature for convalescents who are found “hard by Hygieia's fountains.”

*Paddy's Leisure Hours in the Poor House; or, Priests, Parsons, Potatoes and Poor Rates.*—A party, political, philanthropic, patriotic pleading thrown into the form of a little fiction, by a writer, who reminds us—with a very considerable difference—of the Rev. Cesar Otway.

*Arnold and His Pupils; a Story of the Third Decennium of the Seventeenth Century*—[*Arnold und seine Zöglinge, &c.*].—A story—or rather something professing to be one—in which the narrative is merely a thread on which to hang the discussion of certain orthodox visions of religion as opposed to the sceptical or epicurean doctrines represented by the author as infecting numbers of the educated classes in Germany; followed by sketches of a movement among the subjects of some of its northern states which is here described as tending to bring the Lutheran nearer to the Reformed or Calvinistic profession by the means of synodal institutions and other voluntary arrangements of church discipline. These topics are introduced by the sayings and doings of a few speaking figures—characters they cannot well be termed—of which the principal is Arnold: at first the domestic tutor of two cousins of good family, and afterwards their adviser and spiritual guide when, after some years spent at universities, the trio is resumed at the house of Arnold, now a married clergyman. Besides these personages, there are—a sensual man of taste,—a practical but open-minded and religious Englishman, who carried off Arnold's sister Sophia, to the disappointment of both the cousins, each of whom had sought to marry her,—and the prince, a liberal and conscientious sovereign, whom Arnold succeeds in drawing from the void of irreligion to the firm ground of belief, thereby opening a prospect of success to the religious change in the people already alluded to. The book is written with good intention,—most probably by one who draws himself in the figure of Arnold. But it is evidently the production of a mind little conversant with the characters of men as they really exist; so that the

attempt to embody in their acts and words the principles or views to which the work is devoted is quite unsuccessful, and produces merely a tedious and unnatural effect. This class of didactic or dogmatic fiction at the best can never reach more than a questionable mean between two kinds of composition: the nature, condition, and respective spheres of which are essentially opposite to each other:—as works of literature they produce an ungenial effect, while as treatises of instruction they have no power to convince. The Critic will always justly object that they represent things in a factitious light, for the purpose of displaying a given theme or theory:—the opponent of the principles enforced may fairly allege that invented incidents prove nothing, since it would be easy to have devised others of an opposite tendency. A marked line separates the (concrete) world of the actual, which fiction in its utmost liberty must ever keep in sight, and the domain of the positive abstract, in which principles must be sought and rules defined. These provinces can never be thrown together without producing a spurious kind of composition which both must alike reject:—and ‘Arnold and his Pupils’ is but an awkward specimen of that questionable class.

*The Pastor of Wellbourn and his Flock.*—Very silly sheep are these, or their shepherd's crook must be owned to be most crooked. Let any one read the gross flattery addressed by a rustic to his clergyman (pp. 7, 8, 9), and then declare if we should not be justified in branding this book with a strong critical epithet.

*A Three Days' Tour in the County of Wicklow.*—All that relates to Ireland is supposed to derive a new interest by virtue of the Queen's visit. We will not undertake to gauge the loyalty of Her Majesty's subjects: and we will even suppose it may be quite possible that many will follow at the call of fashion into the troubled streets and lonely places of that mournful country whom the deeper interests that hang around the theme have beckoned in vain.—Here, then, is a little book which offers flying notices of Dean Swift, Spenser, Sir Philip Sydney, George the Fourth, and other historical personages who have in any way touched on the country in question, either the subject or the place. The tourist may find these reminiscences and their accompanying descriptions pleasant and useful.

*The Railway Traveller's Magazine.*—This ought to be in compass no larger than the defunct *Bijou Almanack* of Mr. Schloss if the time to discuss its fare and the viands on the road bore any proportion one to the other. The first article in the August number is the “Man of Mistakes,”—and we fancy this is the Editor: since in his information about watering-places (which contains very little information at all) we stumble upon one or two gratuitous blunders. As, for instance, when writing of Tynemouth, he confounds Miss Martineau's ‘Life in a Sick Room’ with her ‘Letters upon Mesmerism.’ He who has made one such pen-slip may make forty.

*Turkey and Great Britain; or, a Brief View of the Improvements introduced into the government of the Ottoman Empire during the reigns of the last and present Sultans.* By a distinguished Native. A pamphlet put out by a friend of Turkey in support of the facts detailed by Lord Palmerston in a recent debate in the House of Commons. It contains nothing which every reader of newspapers is not acquainted with.

*Fasting. An Essay in re-examination of the Opinion that Fasting is a Christian Duty; and of the New Testament Texts upon which such opinion is grounded.* By John Collyer Knight.—It is enough for us to give the title of this brochure.

*The Incestuous Union.*—This is a violent attack on Lord John Russell's Jew Enfranchisement Bill. The writer asserts that Jerusalem is the mother of England—and that to admit her children into Parliament is to commit incest. On this absurd proposition is built up an argument to fit.—We mention such books only because it is right that our readers should know the extent to which human folly can bear to see itself in print.

*De la France Contemporaine, et de ses Divisions Hiérarchiques.* Par W. Wellesley.—One of the many replies which have been made to M. Guizot's ‘Democracy in France’—remarkable only as being the production of an Englishman in a very decent

French style and even idiom. Of course, it takes the liberal view of the Revolution.

*The Juggler, containing a Proposition to abolish all Oaths.*—The writer of this article thinks that an Englishman's word should be as good as his bond—on his oath—and so do we.

*Drainage of Lands and the Sewerage of Towns. A Paper on Model or Relief Mapping as the best Index to the Capabilities of a Surface; with a Description of the Mode of Constructing Model Maps.* With thirteen plates and woodcuts. By J. Bailey Denton.—A valuable paper read before the Society of Arts in the Session 1848-49, and now reproduced with many additions and improvements:—important to levellers and surveyors, and interesting to all persons anxious to facilitate the drainage of lands and to perfect the existing system of town sewerages. A desire to contrive some cheap and simple means of conveying to the eye at a glance the character of an undulating surface—so imperfectly represented on the common map, however well it may be executed—led Mr. Denton to make experiments and collect information on the subject of his essay. This was in 1840. Soon after, he published in a pamphlet an 'Outline of Model Mapping.' In 1843 he exhibited a model to the Royal Agricultural Society at Derby, for which he received a medal. Since then, he has still further matured his design. We recommend his present pamphlet, with its plans and diagrams, to the attention of such of our readers as may be interested in the matters to which it refers.

*The Perfect Law of Liberty, or Good Tidings.*—An arrangement of the Four Gospels in parallel columns; according, as it would seem, to some accidental principle of contrast or comparison in the mind of the compiler.

*The Child's First History of Rome.* By the Author of "Amy Herbert."—The compiler of this little work has consulted Dr. Schmitz's History for the facts. These are told in a style studiously familiar, with a view of bringing them within the comprehension of the infant pupil.

*The Songs of Israel.* By one of the Laity.—This is a chronological arrangement of the Hebrew Psalms, accompanied with commentary and critical illustration.

*The Settler's New Home; or, the Emigrant's Location; being a Guide to Emigrants in the selection of a Settlement, and the preliminary details of the voyage.* By Sidney Smith.—Whether to go, and Whither? or the Cape and the Great South Land. Being a Practical View of the whole southern fields of settlement, with full information for intending emigrants.—By Sidney Smith.—These are excellent guide-books to the regions now most in favour with emigrants. The rapid multiplication of such works may be taken as a most significant sign of the times. *The Settler's New Home* sketches the capacities of various points of the American continent for maintaining a fresh influx of population. The title of *Whether to go, and Whither?* explains itself.

*Klopstock, Lessing and Wieland.* By A. Tolhausen.—This is a brief treatise on German literature, written and published for the benefit of the German Hospital at Dalston. It begins with the muncipation of the law that "No nation shall have a weight in the scales of humanity without having founded a literature and fought its battles." The perception of such a law is a cheering fact to the literary labourer. Germany, though late in the field, has achieved a literary status which for the last half century has been recognized, and now commands general respect. Dr. Tolhausen has in this tractate chosen to exhibit "three Coryphæes" of German poetry; and, in doing so, declares his sense of the "high vocation of literature in general." His theme is a noble one; and its illustrators are noble too, though not the noblest. Germany has higher names—but the three selected represent a state of transition, the aspect of which is always interesting. In fact, we have here a "general survey of German literature at the time of Frederick the Great." It was a period of struggle; and its history is peculiar. Dr. Tolhausen does well in dwelling with emphasis on Klopstock's Odes;—their merit is very great, and rises to far higher excellence than the poet ever attained in his religious epic. On Lessing's claims it is more easy to speak. This writer's great aim, both as a poet and as a critic, was the creation of a

national stage to the Germans. He failed in this, as he confesses at the end of his 'Dramaturgy,'—giving the reason of his failure in the fact that the "Germans were yet no nation;" and this fact he stated not in relation to their political but to their "moral character." Dr. Tolhausen considers Lessing to be "the most original writer of Germany." Wieland, however, represents most of the difficulties of the age. Its very spirit passed into his, and accordingly its doubts and its aspirations receive full expression in his various works.—The reader will find the Essay before us a pleasing epitome of the argument to which it relates.

*Benzole: its Nature and Utility.* By Charles Blackford Mansfield, M.A.—We are introduced to the "birth, parentage and education" of Benzole in the following terms:—"Benzole is a hydro-carbon spirit, one of the numerous offspring of the union of hydrogen and carbon, born (at least in its latest appearance, of which I have more particular occasion to speak, for it has many birth-places) in coal tar; and redeemed from its native foulness by the civilizing process of distillation." Mr. Mansfield has worked with much industry in the investigation of this peculiar compound,—which promises to be exceedingly useful in many arts and manufactures. Benzole was discovered by Dr. Faraday in 1825; and it forms perhaps the most interesting compound of the hydro-carbon group considered in an economic view. All its chemical relations are well worked out by our author, —and many curious organic transmutations are described in the essay. Desiring to give every credit to Mr. Mansfield, we must, however, express our regret that so much good work is mixed up with so large a portion of trifling as we find in this pamphlet. We allude to such passages as "Hydrophobia could not be more perfect in the elaborate organism of a cat or man than it is in bees' wax;" Benzole "stands out as it were, even among its own group, as the genius of the family;"—"This working population of tar barrels;"—"This bird's eye view of gas tar;"—"I now come to the education of the Benzole;" and the like:—which greatly disfigure otherwise valuable pages.

*Figures and Descriptions illustrative of British Organic Remains. Decade 1.*—Published by Order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. This is the first of a series of publications emanating from the labours of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, under the direction of Sir Henry De la Beche, intended "to figure in elaborate detail, as completely as possible, a selection of fossils illustrative of the genera and more remarkable species of all classes of animals and plants the remains of which are contained in British rocks." This the first decade is devoted to representations of a selection of Echinoderms of the orders *Asteriadae* and *Echinida*; and it is to be immediately followed by another decade of representations of Trilobites. The ten plates in the number before us are executed on steel, by Mr. Lowry, from drawings made with elaborate care by Messrs. Bone & Bailey. The accompanying descriptions are by Prof. Edward Forbes, Paleontologist to the Survey. The work is in every way creditable to those concerned in its production: and we are glad to see that it is published at such a price (half-a-crown each decade) as will enable all interested in the subject to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

*The New English Spelling-Book.* By the Rev. Gorham D. Abbott.—*The First English Reader.* By the Rev. Gorham D. Abbott.—The spelling-book is very superior to the common run of such works, in being based upon higher and better principles. The words are arranged in classes, according to the sources from which they have descended to us, in such a manner as to exhibit distinctly the Teutonic, Latin and Greek elements of which our language is composed. The reading lessons are appropriate and instructive, and the illustrative cuts are well executed.—'The English Reader' consists of simple, progressive lessons in prose and verse, well fitted for teaching to read, and for, at the same time, imbuing the youthful mind with sound wisdom and good sentiments.

*A Catechism of Biblical Antiquities.* By T. Bowman, A.B.—A considerable amount of useful Biblical knowledge is here presented in a clear and concise form.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—Chesterfield House, August 4, 1849.—This is to certify that a Warrant of Appointment, in the possession of Mr. Robinson, Dentist, of Gower Street, with my signature to it, was given through inadvertence, and has been in consequence withdrawn.

(Signed)

ABERCORN.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—STATE OF THE CROPS.—THE AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE AND GARDENERS' CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY contains an elaborate Table of the State of the Crops compared with that of average years at this season. This Table has been drawn up from the returns furnished by about three hundred known correspondents. The Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette may be ordered of any newsvender; or a single copy may be had by inclosing six postage stamps to the office, 5, Upper Wellington Street, Strand, London.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Archbold's Summary of the Laws of England, Vol. II. 12mo. 15s. cl.  
Barnes's Notes on New Test. Vol. X. Gen. Epistles, Blackie's ed. 3s. 6d.  
Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 5s. cl.  
Beard's (Rev. J. R.) Illustrations of Divine in Christianity, 10s. 6d.  
Billing's (Dr. A.) First Principles of Medicine, 5th ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Brown's (J. B.) Studies of First Principles, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Chamney's (W. L.) Discourses and Devotional Services, 12mo. 7s. cl.  
Callaway on Dislocations of Clavicle and Shoulder Joint, 8vo. 7s. cl.  
Christians (W. E.) Entire Works, new ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 8s. cl.  
Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. 31, January to June, 1849. 12mo. 7s.  
Chamney's (W. L.) Plain Sermons on the Liturgy, 3rd ed. 18mo. 2s.  
Chastelaine's (A. De) New Pocket French Dictionary, 5th ed. 32mo. 3s.  
Chambers's Educational Course, Marz's 'Key to Arithmetic,' 12mo. 2s. cl.  
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#### FOLK-LORE.

##### NORFOLK SUPERSTITIONS.

#### 1.—Bargaining with an ash-tree for the eradication of Warts.

It has been, and I believe is still, very prevalently believed that by the use of the proper charm warts (in Norfolk called *rets*) may be removed from the hands and transferred to an ash-tree. The charm as practised by me when a boy of eight or nine years old, under the directions of a char-woman who worked in the house, was as follows:—

To go secretly to an ash-tree, taking a bill-hook or other sharp instrument, and to repeat the following verse or rhyme thrice, cutting or chopping the tree at the same time in one spot.—

Ashen tree, ashen tree, if you and I can agree  
You shall have my rets of me.

Then cut out the part of the bark that has been chopped and bury it, and as the bark rots the warts will waste. I do not remember the effects of the incantation.

#### 2.—Charming a wart from the eye-lid.

Within the last two years I had a small wart, or pustule, growing on the under lid of my left eye, and it was sufficiently large to affect the sight when the pupil of the eye was directed towards the object of sight exactly over it.

I had occasion to go into the shop of a very respectable tradesman in Norwich, who happened to observe the wart, and asked me if I had a wish to have it removed without trouble, pain, or expense. My reply was—certainly. He then asked me my christian name, (my surname was well known before,) and my age. These were written down, and I was assured that the wart would shortly disappear. I cannot say that I had the least faith in this extremely cheap and easy plan of surgical practice; and after naming the matter at home, (and I must confess laughing at the charm,) the circumstance passed from my memory. About two months after, however, I again went to the tradesman's shop; who, looking at me, observed "Well, sir, the stinah (wart) is gone,"—and sure enough it was almost obliterated. It is now entirely so. He then told me that he had cured numbers of his customers in the same way, and that



he had paid for the knowledge of the charm. He, however, never made any charge for his cures.

### 3.—Cure of wounds by sympathy.

The belief is by no means exploded among the labouring classes of this country, that salve applied to the article inflicting the wound will cause the wound itself to heal well and quickly. A case of this kind of superstition came under my own eyes a few years since. I then held an off-farm on which I had a valuable cart-horse that was unfortunately blind. The horse, through carelessness, got loose in the farm-yard,—and, to escape from the man who attempted to catch him, ran against a broken post which entered his chest and inflicted a severe wound. An elderly female who was in the house immediately took a lump of hog's lard and smeared the post thoroughly so far as it was covered by the blood of the horse. Upon my inquiring why the post was greased, I was assured that it was a most efficacious remedy; and numberless cases were cited in which cures by like means had been effected. I had, however, a rather heavy farrier's bill to pay for the cure of the horse,—the charm notwithstanding. It is not unusual if a labourer is wounded by any of his tools for the instrument of injury to be greased. I once had a labourer who had severely wounded his foot with a mattock, by which he lost much time. He was attended by the parish surgeon, but he told me that he also had greased the mattock.

### 4.—The Cuckoo.

In this country we have—or at least had in days scarce gone by—great faith in various circumstances drawn from observations on the Cuckoo, and its habits or appearance. Among these are the following.—A person is considered to hear a note of the cuckoo for the first time in the year when employed in some occupation for which he has a predilection.—Again, from the first sight of the cuckoo, the place of residence for the ensuing year is foretold. If seen at rest the person seeing him will remain in his or her present situation—if seen flying the seer will remove, and to a new residence in the direction towards which the bird flies. Much reliance is placed on this augury by farmers' servants who are single and who frequently change their places of service from year to year.—As long as the cuckoo remains after Midsummer so long will harvest continue after Michaelmas. This is about the most rational augury of all—for a late spring is usually followed by a late harvest.

S. L.

### SHROPSHIRE LEGENDS OF THE WREKIN.

The devil had an old spite against Shrewsbury,—so he determined to bring a flood upon it; he would stop up the Severn. For this purpose he came with a great spade-full of earth; but outwitting himself, as many of his children do, he lifted more than he could carry. Presently, he became fatigued upon his way to the river, and let fall some of his mould: that is High Ereal (a smaller hill adjoining to the larger). Then he upset it all,—and that is the Wrekin. The position and aspect of the two hills exceedingly well corroborate the story. While on the subject of the Wrekin, we may as well not run away from another piece of Folk-Lore. There is a small prominence of rock upon the summit, of moderately difficult ascent; upon the smooth pinnacle of which there is one little hollow called the Raven's Cup,—and within this there is generally some unevaporated water. At another part of the hill there is a considerable cleft, sinuous and so narrow that a person of average dimensions can just contrive a passage through it. This is called,—perhaps in popular comment on a Scripture parable,—“the Needle's Eye.” Now, it is said that if any maiden shall ascend and dip her foot into the water of the Raven's Cup, and afterwards shall personally thread the Needle's Eye, that person will be married within the succeeding twelvemonth.

H. M.

### CAMBRIDGESHIRE SUPERSTITION.

In Cambridgeshire they have a great objection to a child speaking of itself in the third person or giving itself a *soubriquet*:—saying it is a sign of its death in early youth.

Another country superstition is,—that if the holly with which the house is decorated at Christmas is removed before Candlemas Day the prosperity of the

tenant will vanish with it and not return before the following year.

### A CURE FOR THE AGUE, FROM HAMPSHIRE.

Let the patient make three crosses with white chalk on the back of the kitchen chimney—a large one in the middle and a smaller one on each side, (as in the Crucifixion):—and as the smoke from the fire obliterates them, so will the ague disappear. It ought to be done just as the fit is coming on.

### THE SNOWY MOUNTAIN IN EASTERN AFRICA.

THE discovery of the snowy mountain Kilimandjaro, in Eastern Africa, within four degrees of the line, is one of the most important geographical facts of the present day. I therefore doubt not that the following particulars relative to the subject, in continuation of those already given in Nos. 1119 and 1124 of the *Athenæum*, will be acceptable.

My former communications had reference to the discovery of this mountain by the Rev. J. Rebmann, in the course of a journey undertaken by him, in the months of May and June 1848, to the country of Yagga (or Wagga), distant about 90 or 100 hours' journey (Stunden)—equal to about 180 or 200 geographical miles—almost due west from the Missionary station at Rabbay M'pia, near Mombasa. The journal written during this journey is printed in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for May last (vol. i. p. 12, et seq.)

Towards the end of the year 1848, Mr. Rebmann again went to Yagga, on which occasion he penetrated into the interior of that country; his object being to find out the road to Uniamési,—“the country of the Moon,” as it may be rendered,—and to the west coast of Africa. He there ascertained that “the Pangani river has its sources in the snow-water running down from Mount Kilimandjaro, in Yagga.” This second journey, on which Mr. Rebmann was absent about three months, is adverted to in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for July last (vol. i. p. 54).

On the 5th of April of the present year, the indefatigable Missionary set out once more on his way into the interior; his intention being this time “to proceed as far as the lake in Uniamési, where he will inquire after the further road to the west coast. There is a tribe there called Usambiro, whose country will be the limit of his journey. The lake is said to be crossed in eight days, there being many islands in it. The natives have good boats. Usambiro reminds us of the Zambre of the maps.”

With these facts before us, we will now turn to the statements of the geographer Claudius Ptolemy, of Alexandria, respecting the sources of the Nile. These are to the effect, that round the gulf in which lies the island of Menuthias (assumed to be Zanzibar) dwell certain cannibal negroes; and that to the west of them are the mountains (hill-country) of “the Moon,” the snows of which are received into the lakes of the Nile;—these mountains, as likewise the island of Menuthias, being situate 234 geographical miles to the south of the parallel of Cape Rhapsium, and 150 miles to the north of Cape Præsum (apparently Cape Delgado), the extreme point on the east coast of Africa known to the navigators and geographers of that period.

The four main particulars thus mentioned by Ptolemy in connexion with the sources of the Nile are now found to be substantially true:—namely, 1st, A mountainous country lying to the west of the low districts along the sea-coast opposite to the island of Zanzibar; 2ndly, A mountain there (and doubtless others will be met with) so lofty as to be capped with snow; 3rdly, A district in these high regions of the interior called Uniamési, or the country of the Moon; and 4thly, A large lake within, or adjoining, to this hill-country of “the Moon.” Are we not, then, justified in anticipating, that when Mr. Rebmann reaches Uniamési—it may indeed be hoped that he is there already—he will find that it was not without good cause that the geographer of Alexandria placed in this portion of Africa the mysterious sources of the river of Egypt?

The opinion that the head of the Nile is to be sought for in this direction was first expressed by me in the year 1846. It originated in the fact, that in

the beginning of 1841 the second Expedition sent by Mohammed Ali Pasha to explore the direct stream of the Nile ascended that river as far as the country of Bari, within five degrees north of the equator,—by the natives of which country M. Werne, who accompanied the Expedition, was informed that the river comes from a distance of thirty days' journey further south, where it is divided into four shallow branches. The interval, in a direct line between M. Werne's “furthest,” in about 4° 30' N. lat. and 32° 20' E. long., and Mount Kilimandjaro, which in Mr. Rebmann's map is laid down in 3° 40' S. lat., and 36° E. long., is 600 geographical miles. This is more than, in the present state of our knowledge, we should be warranted in estimating M. Werne's “thirty days' journey” at; though it is certain that the river must come from a very considerable distance beyond Bari. For, at the Island of Tchanker—the extreme point reached by the Expedition—the two arms of the stream, though the waters were then much fallen, were still found to be respectively 300 and 100 metres (384 and 328 English feet) broad (Werne, ‘Reise,’ &c. p. 320); while there were evident signs that during the rains the island, which then stood 15 feet above the stream, is entirely covered with water; as is likewise the greater portion of the valley of the river, which, between the rocks on either side, is near 600 metres (1,968 English feet) in width (*ibid.* p. 322). The length of a river of this magnitude upwards to its sources cannot well be less than several hundred miles; so that, apart from all speculation, the upper course of the Nile is unavoidably carried into the vicinity of “the country of the Moon”—Uniamési—in which Ptolemy places its origin.

In Bari the Expedition had already reached a mountainous region. But M. Werne was informed by Lákono, the king of that country, that in the direction of the sources of the river “are high mountains in comparison with which those visible there are a mere nothing—gar nichts” (*ibid.* p. 313). M. Werne adds, “It seems to me that Lákono did not rightly understand the question put to him whether there was snow on these mountains. He answered it, however, in the negative. When I now reconsider the matter, I doubt much whether either he or his interpreter has any word for snow; for throughout the whole of Belád es-Sudán, though the Arabic name *telki* (telji) is known, snow itself is not.”

On this I may remark, that when we reflect on the rare occurrence of snow in Africa, we may conclude that the natives generally have no proper idea of it, and consequently do not possess any name for it. In Abessinia I never heard of snow; nor is there any word for it in the Amharic language;—and yet unquestionably it occurs in that country. M. Schimper, who is the highest authority on the subject, expressly states (‘Comptes Rendus,’ vol. xxv. p. 229) that “snow is very rare in Abessinia; it is seen on days when the clouds are but little raised above the earth, and are at the same time widely extended. The flakes are small, triangular, and radiated. Hailstones which fall at an altitude of 4,650 to 4,700 metres [15,250 to 15,400 English feet, that is to say, on the summits of the mountains of Samien, in Northern Abessinia], have the form of a truncated polyedric pyramid, hollowed at the base and summit; the hollow being in the form of a reversed cone. The edges of the pyramid are granulated. This hail is almost as light as snow.” Such being the case, we may well conceive that Africans generally do not distinguish between snow and hail,—with which latter substance they are acquainted, and for which consequently they must have a name. Mr. Rebmann tells us, indeed, that the people of Yagga have no specific denomination for snow, (or hail?) which they call *coldness*. But in this there is nothing singular. For, both in the Arabic and in the Amharic languages, “bêrd” means cold (coldness) generally; while “barad” (in Amharic more frequently “barado”), which is substantially the same, means hail specifically.

Mr. Rebmann's journal of his second journey to Yagga has been sent home,—and it is to be hoped that it will soon be communicated to the public.

August 6.

I am, &c.

CHARLES T. BEKE.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Orthez.

I mentioned at the conclusion of my last letter, that I had intended saying a few words about the mass of interesting, and in many instances historically important, documents preserved in the ancient archives of the town of Pau,—formerly the capital of the independent kingdom of Béarn, and more recently the seat of a sovereign parliament. They consist of the most heterogeneous materials. There are the ancient "fors" of Béarn,—the statutes, customs, privileges, that is, according to which the country was governed,—the constitution, as we should say, in these days. And a highly liberal one it was; jealously guarded about with precautions and checks against arbitrary power, none the less stringent for being most primitively simple in their mode of operation. Highly interesting documents these are, and invaluable to the legal antiquary and the constitutional historian! Then, there are records innumerable of judicial proceedings and sentences rendered; royal letters not a few; and, by no means least in interest, the household books of the later sovereigns of Béarn, ending with those of Henry the Fourth,—and some very detailed and minute inventories of furniture and various property belonging to Henry, his father, his mother, and his sister. A portion of these papers was deemed of sufficient interest to induce the commission established by the late government for the examination of the national records to require that they should be sent to Paris for perusal. This was done:—and they have been duly returned to the town to which the custody of them so rightly belongs.

Many of the most curious pages of these valuable papers, as well as some of the most interesting chapters in the chronicles of the storied Château of Pau, relate to the history and personal characters of that very remarkable series of extraordinarily gifted women who, one after the other, inhabited and drew the eyes of Europe to the remote little Court of Pau during the greater portion of the 16th century. Never, probably, in any time or country, did one family, royal or other, show in similarly close and unbroken connexion such a brilliant constellation of female talent and beauty as that presented by the following five princesses of the House of Navarre:—1st. Catherine, heiress of the House of Foix, married to Jean d'Albret,—2nd. Marguerite de Valois, daughter-in-law of Catherine, married to her son, Henry the Second of Navarre,—3rd. Jeanne d'Albret, daughter of Marguerite, married to Anthony of Bourbon,—4th. Marguerite de Valois, daughter-in-law of Jeanne, being married to her son, Henry the Fourth,—and 5th. Catherine, daughter of Jeanne and sister of Henry the Fourth.

What a list—sufficiently piquant in its bare enumeration, I hope, to render a gossiping chapter of my Béarnese gleanings respecting these ladies not unacceptable to the reader.

Catherine of Foix, the first of our demi-decade of female worthies, was left heiress of Béarn and Navarre by the death of her brother, Francis-Phœbus,—who perished from poison, administered to him by means of a flute!—"Aussi tost qu'il l'eut approchée de sa bouche," says an old chronicle of Navarre, "il se mit frapper d'une poison si violente, que tous les secours de sa dolente mère et de ses médecins et vénéreux ne le peuvent garantir qu'il ne mourust dans deux heures après; charité attribuée aux roys de Castille avec grande apparence de vérité, et dont on en descoubrit de grands indices."—The young Catherine, thus left unprotected in her Château of Pau with her mother Magdelaine, had much difficulty in escaping from the fate of her brother. Such an heiress in such a position was, of course, the object of all sorts of unscrupulous schemes and bold hopes on the part of the wild and lawless princes and barons of her neighbourhood. The conspiracy of a knot of nobles, who had bribed the castle pastrycook, one Thomas Brunet, to poison both her and the lady Magdelaine her mother, was discovered. But Catherine had this chance in her favour,—that there were two modes of obtaining her property: she might be murdered or married. Pretenders to her hand, accordingly, were not wanting. The choice among these seems as a matter of course to have been left to her subjects; who gave the preference to the Lord of Albret, or Labrit,—an obscure and remote castle in the midst of the most desolate solitudes of the Landes.

The young couple were crowned as sovereigns of Navarre, at Pampeluna, in 1494. The details of this ceremony are related with great minuteness by the old Béarnese historian Fayn:—and some of them are so curious as to be worth mentioning. On the altar were placed a sword, two crowns, two sceptres, and two balls of gold. The king girt on the sword, drew it, and made "deux ou trois tours d'escrime;" then he and Catherine themselves took the crowns and placed them on their heads, and assumed each the ball and sceptre. Thus crowned, they stepped on a shield painted with the arms of Navarre, and resting on twelve bars of iron which passed beneath it. Thereupon, four-and-twenty deputies of the States of Navarre took the ends of the twelve bars in their hands, and thus lifted high into the air their majesties standing on the shield. This they did thrice; crying at each time "Royal! Royal! Royal!"—while the newly-crowned pair flung handfuls of money among the people.

It was the last time that this ceremonial was ever enacted; for Ferdinand the Catholic, aided by an iniquitous bull of Pope Julius the Second, soon after seized on Navarre,—whose rightful sovereigns had no means of defending their possessions against so powerful a thief. John of Albret, indeed,—of whom Fayn records that he was the best prince in the world, fond of learning, and so little caring for royal state that he was wont "to dance in the streets of Pau with the *bourgeoises*,"—was accused by his wife of want of energy in political matters. It is recorded of her that she used frequently to say—"Johan de Labrit, Johan de Labrit, si tu fueses Reyna y yo Roy, Navara no estaria perdida!"

Among the papers in the archive chamber at Pau are several very curiously minute inventories of the various property removed from the château by Louis the Thirteenth. A receipt signed by the royal hand and bearing the great seal acknowledges the transmission of ten coffers filled with jewellery, plate, &c., and named severally Abraham, Jacob, Esau, Job, Aaron, Moses, David, Solomon, Lazarus, and St. John! A curious singularity worth mentioning, also, is, that in the catalogue of the contents of these ten biblical chests the words of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, &c. are used for the purpose of enumeration, in the place of numerals; so that No. 1. is marked "*Pater*"—No. 2. "*Noster*"—No. 3. "*Qui*," &c.—Among these lists are those of various properties belonging to Catherine of Foix. That of her books is interesting as showing the style of reading of a princess of that day. We find *Chronicles of France and England*—"The Chronicle of Jehan Froissart,"—"Le Livre d'Heracle,"—"The Bible in French,"—"Un livre nommé *Bocace*, *escript à la main, bien historié*,"—"A Chronicle of Count Gaston in the Catalan Tongue,"—"The Romance of Aymerich de Narbonne,"—"Un livre parlant de la Lune,"—&c.

Such were the studies with which Catherine of Foix strove to occupy thoughts that would painfully stray to the lost Navarre across the mighty mountain barrier on which she gazed,—doubtless many a time with bitter feeling—from her chamber-window in the Castle of Pau. The wrong which had been done her was to the last a bitter drop in her cup; and an old historian recording her death, which took place at Mont-de-Marsan in 1517, says that she died with her eyes turned towards Navarre.

It was ten years after the death of Catherine that the noble halls of Pau were again occupied by perhaps the most distinguished princess of Christendom. In 1527 Catherine's son, Henry the Second of Navarre, brought home thither his beautiful and accomplished wife, Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis the First, and widow of the Duc d'Alençon. This Marguerite des Marguerites—as her royal brother first, and after him all the courtiers and *littérateurs* of Europe, termed her—this pearl of pearls—the loveliest and learnedest, wittiest and most brilliant woman of her day—spoke, as we are assured, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and Hebrew! The friend alike of Calvin and of the licentious Bonaventure des Perriers, we find her at one moment hearing the preaching of the fathers of the Reformation in the vaults of her Castle of Pau, with barricaded doors,—and in the next "astounding the Béarnese court," as Brantôme assures us, by her elegant dancing of the "*branie de la torche*," the "*Chaconne*," and the "*Pavane d'Espagne*."—*Ionic movements*, wholly un-

known till then to the primitive mountaineers. She was a deeply read and habitual student of Holy Writ,—and the author (partially certainly, if not wholly) of the "*Heptameron*," the most licentious book of that licentious day. Clément Marot describes her as "*corps féminin, cœur d'homme, et tête d'ange*;" and Brantôme sums up his enthusiastic eulogies by protesting "*Qu'en faict de joicusetés, et de galanteries, elle monstroït qu'elle savoit plus que son pain quotidien*." In her day the little court of Pau was rarely without some one or more of the leading minds of the time as guests within its walls. Grave divines and gay poets all were welcome; and when she died in 1549 the following distich was written for her epitaph:—

Musarum decima, et Charitum quarta, inclita regum,  
Et soror, et conjux, Margaritis, illa jacet.

A very different sort of person from this tenth Muse and fourth Grace was her daughter, the celebrated Jeanne d'Albret. D'Aubigné calls her "a queen who had nothing womanly about her but her sex, whose soul was wholly occupied with masculine cares, whose intellect was equal to the weightiest affairs, and whose heart was indomitable by the greatest adversities." This is intended for the most unqualified panegyric: and the general voice of history—or at least that which we chiefly hear on our side of the Channel, and take to be the general voice of history—has always assigned to Jeanne d'Albret, the heroine of Protestantism, a high place in the temple of Fame. But it may be doubted how far Nature ever permits one of her productions to assume with advantage the office and characteristics of another,—how far male qualities can ever compensate for feminine deficiencies in a female,—how far a woman "having nothing womanly about her but her sex" can be ever a desirable or admirable character. I fear that Jeanne d'Albret was not sufficiently an exception to this rule to merit altogether the estimation in which she is generally held amongst us. The Catholic historians blacken her memory with all kinds of odious accusations:—but that, of course, goes for nothing. The general eulogies of their antagonists may unfortunately be presumed to be equally worthless. But my pre-conceived ideas were not a little startled at finding that this recognized heroine of the Protestant world bears in the traditional belief of the people of her own country much such a character as is assigned to bloody Queen Mary by the popular voice in ours. There is no sanguinary atrocity, no ingenious refinement of cold-blooded cruelty, that is not related of her. The Château of Pau has its tales of secret and midnight massacre. At Orthez the spot is pointed out from which unfortunate Catholics were rolled in huge barrels the insides of which were bristled with spikes and knives. It might perhaps be fairly contended that this reputation among the people of Béarn has been produced wholly by the active calumnies of the Romanist priesthood:—but, unfortunately, the undeniable evidence of records establishes a few facts of a nature to make the popular traditions only too credible. This is certain,—that Jeanne forbade her subjects to celebrate or be present at mass on *pain of death*. It is certain, also, that in her residence at Pau, on the 24th of August, 1569, ten Catholic gentlemen who had been taken prisoners at Orthez under promise of sparing their lives were massacred in cold blood as they sat at table. The only thing to be said in palliation of such acts is, that she acted in the spirit of her times, and encouraged the spread of theological truth after the most approved polemical fashion of that day. People, who will conduct an argument on such principles can but admit that their adversary has fairly the whip-hand in the controversy, when they are finally confuted,—as poor Jeanne was on the 10th of June, 1572, by her terrible and profoundly orthodox antagonist Catherine de Médicis, by the help of the Florentine perfumer René's poisoned gloves. The only important part of the matter is, that the history of those sad days should be so read aright that we should draw from it as our conclusion,—not "what a detestable, heart-hardening, unchristian religion is that of Rome,—but what a detestable, heart-hardening and unchristian-like thing is theological rancour!"

Jeanne d'Albret was succeeded in the lordly chambers of Pau by the daughter of her murderess,—then become the wife of her son: for Henry married

Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Catherine de Médicis and sister of Charles the Ninth, on the 10th of August, 1572,—just two months and eight days after his mother's death.—This second Marguerite was also one of the most beautiful and most accomplished women of that day,—and quite as good a wife as her husband deserved. His own estimate of his deserts, or at least of his requirements in this respect, was not so moderate. He writes to Sully that he required seven things in a wife:—that she should be beautiful, virtuous, sweet-tempered, witty, fruitful, rich, and of royal birth. Nevertheless, this "vert galant" adds immediately after, "I would willingly content myself with the Infante of Spain, old as she is, if with her I married the Low Countries." The whole of this letter,—in which Henry passes in review all the marriageable princesses of Europe, and considers the reasons *pro* and *con*, respecting each of them,—is exceedingly curious and amusing. It was written when he had just divorced Marguerite:—to whom, it must be owned, a better husband would have been less suited. The life which she led during the five years that she passed at Pau not a little scandalized the good Béarnese.—Marguerite died at Paris, on the 15th of March, 1615; leaving behind her some volumes of memoirs, sundry poems of which Ronsard thought highly;—and a good many debts.

A more unexceptional specimen of female royalty shall close our demi-decade of Béarnese princesses. The gentle and unfortunate Catherine, Henry the Fourth's younger sister, was born in 1558 at Pau, and passed the only happy years of her life there. It was to her that her brother confided the regency of Béarn during his absence; and many are the memorials which remain of the wisdom, justice, and gentleness of her administration. Such was the confidence that she had inspired in the Béarnese, that over and over again her simple note of hand sufficed to raise the sums which her brother needed for carrying on the war. He repaid these services by separating her forcibly from the Comte de Soissons, whom she loved, and who wished to marry her,—and compelling her to marry the Duc de Bar et de Lorraine. During the years of her secluded life at Pau, while she yet hoped that her "dream of life" should be realized, it is recorded that she frequently consoled herself with Virgil's "*Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora*." This hour, however, never shone for poor Catherine; and when she was compelled to leave Béarn, amid the tears and misgivings of the entire province, to make the loveless marriage forced on her, she left all hope of happiness behind her. She lived five years with her husband, in the practice of all the domestic virtues; and died in 1604, of "mal de pays,"—flattering herself that her sickness was caused by pregnancy, and saying "*qu'elle ne pouvait trop souffrir, ni la maladie être trop fâcheuse, pour devenir mère*." Poor soul! Hope deceived her with the sweet expectation that the void in her aching heart might yet be filled up by the joys and affections of maternity.

Catherine was the last princess who inhabited the Château of Pau; and the inventories of property there, which its abandoned condition caused to be made and which I have already cited, afford a proof that in her younger days, before state policy had laid its blasting hand on her, she too had there her hours of gaiety and frolic. All the articles left there by her are separately catalogued; and amongst them are several dresses of "*catifetas faits à la matelotte pour mascarade*." Her sheets of Holland linen without seam are also mentioned.

I meant to have concluded my letter with a few words of description of the pretty English-like country between Pau and Orthez; but my five Pau princesses have left me no space.—I cannot refrain, however, from giving you as a specimen of southern phraseology the following words of my hostess here,—a magnificently black-eyed old lady of sixty or seventy, who must once have been superbly handsome. She was describing to me her horror and indignation at the company of vagabonds and *mauvais sujets* whom one of the red candidates collected the other day in her house, when he came canvassing to Orthez.—"I looked," she said, "like the corpse of one who had died of a mortal hatred without having been able to strike one

stroke of the dagger!"—What do you think of that? Does it not sound very like being near the frontier of Spain?

T.A.T.

## FILIPPO STROZZI.

Florence.

MUCH as Niccolini has delighted his countrymen by his genius, not less has he served them by those aspirations after Liberty which breathe throughout every page of his works, and which form a not unimportant portion of that mass of influences that have awakened Northern Italy especially to a devoted longing after freedom. He has chosen Tragedy, for the most part, as the medium for imparting to his countrymen the peculiar lessons of the age,—nor has he done so with the recklessness of the anarchist; on the contrary, he has brought into harmony those grand virtues which, if practised, might save unfortunate Italy not from the foreigner only but from herself. In his "*Giovanni da Procida*" he showed how a people ought to break the chains of the stranger; and in "*Filippo Strozzi*" he shows his countrymen that all liberty is uncertain and ill based which admits the influence of foreign potentates. Thus the past he aptly applies to the present; and from the realities of History he not only instructs men in their duties as citizens, but furnishes them with encouragements the most animating to the performance of them. The tragedy of "*Filippo Strozzi*" is divided into five historic pictures: the first of which represents Venice when Filippo Strozzi is living far from the political agitations of his country.—Florence, saddened by the tyranny of Alexander Medici, Lorenzo Medici announces to him the death of the tyrant by his hand; to which the exile refuses credence, regarding Lorenzo as the friend of Alexander. But the liberator of the country at length finds means of enforcing belief; and striking his sword exclaims—

Oh! that one word might issue forth  
From this sword, which tasted first  
The blood of the tyrant!

Filippo Strozzi, in company of the other exiles his companions, deliberates on returning to his country. The second act opens in Florence; and here we find ourselves in one of those solemn moments, in which a fallen nation can resume her vigour. The fifth scene is a faithful picture of the political conflicts which in our days have contested the primacy of the Lombard cities. Niccolini has known how to read the future of his country. In a saloon of the palace of the Medici he presents to us the Cardinal Cybo, Salla Rucellai, Francesco Guicciardini, Francesco Vettori, Domenico Canigiani, and other Florentines of the Senate of Forty-eight, who are all assembled with the noble intent of reforming the State. Some are desirous of forming a republic in Florence,—others a principality,—and others, as Guicciardini, desire a republican principality, insisting that the republic of Florence be committed to the lordship of Cosimo Medici,—Guicciardini being in hopes of giving his daughter to the lord of his country. Rucellai repentant of once having been the partisan of Alexander, constituting himself the defender of Liberty, thus exclaims—

Prince is a name in this coward age  
Adored by all, even though it be  
The vile falsehood which deceives not one.  
A subtle veil is spread by subtler art  
Over the features of the tyrant; to him is given  
A title true. Nor is he called  
The First who suffers not an equal.  
Here by experience it is known that eternal war  
Exists between Liberty and a Prince; and that  
Monstrous are two heads in one State,  
As in the human body. A new Prince,  
Always astute or cruel, his enemies  
Either corrupts or slays, and for absolute  
Power he pants, until the lordship is become  
The heritage of a race. Then he throws aside  
His foxlike mantle, and comes forth the wolf.  
Every tyrant is a wolf, and from the cruel beast,  
Fools that ye are! cut off the head, and not the claws—  
These always spring again.

Vain is the speech of Rucellai,—and presage though it bears of the misfortunes which the principedom was to bring to the state. The senators give their votes, and Cosimo is elected Lord of Florence. Guicciardini reminds Cosimo of the promise he had given to espouse his daughter; to which the new Prince, now emboldened, answers—

I swore as a citizen,—now am I a prince.

Whilst he thus speaks, as if to accuse him of his breach of faith, the daughter of Guicciardini appears

at the bottom of the stage, and quickly disappears which can scarcely be justified in the palace of Medici when the senators are assembled to consider the gravest necessities of the state. The third act is passed within the towers of Rocca and Montemurlo; and here Filippo Strozzi with the other exiles assembled, and attempt their return to Florence, hoping in the courage of free brothers and in the assistance of France. Too few, alas, though full of courage!—exiles not well disciplined to maintain a firm footing against the enemy, betrayed by the Florentines, not strengthened by the valour of the French.

The fourth and fifth acts give us the development of the actions in Florence, now the theatre of tyranny and oppression. Cosimo de' Medici, unmindful of the flattering promises made to the senators, in a tyrant who exults ferociously in the sufferings of the most illustrious citizens. Many of the exiles who had returned are thrown into the depths of a prison,—many are condemned to death. Filippo is a prisoner in the fortress of San Giovanni Battista, foresees his destiny, and to withdraw himself from the outrage of the tyrant, having found a sword, kills himself, not before he has written with his own blood,—"*Exoriare aliquis ex opibus meis, mei sanguinis ulor*."

The last two acts are very weak. The death of Filippo presented a wide field to the tragic author, who too frequently has sacrificed dramatic interest to historic truth. His object evidently is to invest with the charms of poetry grand sentiments of liberty, such as can ennoble the nation. He writes with a great present political object in view; and knowing that he is read, he holds in too little account perhaps the many who in the theatre seek more for scenic effect. The exile and the reorganization of the state were perhaps the two thoughts which presented themselves to the poet as he traced the tragic characters on the canvas. The exile recalled to him many Italians who at the moment he was writing were sighing for their country in a foreign land;—the reorganization of the state called up before him the provinces of Italy who were on the eve of waking from the lethargy of slavery, and rising unanimous at the cry of liberty to enter on a new civilization. The scenes which trace the exile and the reorganization of the state are those in which the author has known how to unite dramatic power with sentiments of civil liberty,—in a style of rare poetic splendour. The first scenes of the first act, in Venice, and the fifth scene in the Halls of Medici in Florence, are the best. But how was it possible for Cosimo de' Medici, elevated to the lordship of his country by the vote of the Senate of Forty-eight, so far to defy their power as to convert the republic into a prison and put a free state in chains? How was it that the people did not resume the power which on free conditions had been committed to Cosimo? We do not accuse the Florentines of cowardice. Amongst the senators, together with Rucellai and Guicciardini, we see the Cardinal Cybo, the representative of Charles V., who interfering in the affairs of the Italians, enured to Cosimo despotic power, ill disposed as he was that Florence should be governed by free institutions. Republicanism and liberty were empty sounds as often as the stranger burst over the Alps and extended his hand to rights conquered from a generous people by the sacrifice of some of their most noble citizens. Niccolini by the example of the past, as we have said, instructs the present, and recommends Italy to organize her states and insure her privileges with her own strength and mind. However eminent as a poet, therefore, he must be regarded rather as a political writer, who has chosen a dramatic form for presenting to his countrymen those elevated sentiments of civil liberty which have borne, and are still bearing, ample fruits throughout the length and breadth of Italy.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THOUGH the cholera at Salisbury affected the attendance of the members of the Archaeological Institute and lessened the funds which the Committee should have carried away, it did not injure the temporary Museum,—which was one of the best, though not the most extensive, that the Institute has as yet succeeded in forming. The room at the King's House in the Cathedral Close was admirably adapted for the purposes of such an exhibition. It was large,



well proportioned and well lighted,—with a monastic character of look about it that harmonized well with the contents which the seal of the inhabitants of Salisbury and its neighbourhood and the industry of the Committee had succeeded in bringing together. The chief contributors were,—the Rev. Edward Duke, of Lake House, near Stonehenge,—Mr. Nightingale, of Wilton,—the Earl of Aylesbury,—the Marquis of Northampton,—Mr. Octavius Morgan, M.P.—and Mr. Hallstone; and the principal curiosities were—a set of enamelled andirons of the time of Queen Elizabeth, the best we remember to have seen.—Darnley's gold ring, said to have been found at Fotheringay, with his cipher outside and the royal arms of Scotland and "Henri L. Darnley 1565" on the inside, much worn.—Milton's silver ring, with the spread eagle upon it (his father was a scrivener and the scrivener's arms was a spread eagle),—a jewelled collar case with gold, discovered in Cornwall, a rare example,—a crossier of the Bishop of Laon (d. 1186), found with his body in full vestments,—some beautiful examples of niello,—a cross-bow found in a peat meadow at Ramsbury, Wilts,—an episcopal gold ring set with a sapphire, found in Salisbury Cathedral,—a curious dagger of sixteenth century work, found at Werrington House, near Launceston, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, and exhibited by the Duke,—a beggar's latch, from Gloucestershire,—a silver candelabrum and cover, presented by Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, to the ancestor of Dr. Southby,—a female bust, supposed to be the portrait of a Florentine lady, date about 1430, intended to serve as a reliquary,—a rich series of forcers or caskets,—the Bruce horn and enamelled belt preserved at Tottenham Park,—the so-called swords of Wallace, Bruce, and Douglas, exhibited by the Earl of Aylesbury,—a most curious and valuable series of early watches, exhibited by Mr. Octavius Morgan, M.P.—an antique glass vase, of unusual preservation and great rarity, exhibited by the Marquis of Northampton,—a rich assortment of engraved dishes of Italian work, date the early part of the seventeenth century,—a warden's horn, from the Castle of Winchester,—Sir Isaac Newton's college tankard of wood, exhibited by Miss Wickins, and engraved in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for April, 1802,—a drawing by Shaw (most elaborately executed) of a German banker of the fifteenth century,—a drawing by the same artist from a design for a cup made by Holbein and recently added to the treasures of the British Museum,—a map of the world ('Mappa Mundi') from Hereford Cathedral; the wooden frame is decorated work, but the map itself was made long before decorated architecture supplanted our Early English style,—and a "lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, presented to Sir Philip Sydney by Her Majesty's own fair hand, on which he made these verses and gave them to the Queen on his bended knee, Anno Dom. 1573.—

Her inward worth all outward show transcends  
 Envy her Merits with Regret Commends  
 Like sparkling Gems her Virtues draw the Sight  
 And in her Conduct she is always Bright  
 When she imparts her thoughts her words have force  
 And Sense and Wisdom flow in sweet discourse."

This interesting relic was found eight years ago in a copy of the 'Arcadia' in the library at Wilton. The description and the verses are in the handwriting of the time of Queen Anne,—and the hair is hardly so old as the Queen's hair is said to have been. That a lock of Elizabeth's hair was preserved in the Pembroke family has long been a tradition at Wilton. There were also a curious contemporary Portrait of Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, from the collection at the Bishop's palace,—and portraits (half-lengths) of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, and of Anne Hyde, his first Duchess, both by Sir Peter Lely. This fine pair of portraits (excellent examples of Lely's pencil) were presented by the Duke to Bishop Earle, and are now the property of Doctor Southby, of Bulford House, the Bishop's representative. Portraits of the Duke and Duchess at this period of their lives are very rare. The Duchess is young and good-looking, with fine eyes, and more like her father than she appears to have been in after life.

We have this week a few names of parties both at home and abroad to put on our obituary list. The London daily papers announce the death, in his seventieth year, of Sir Charles Scudamore, the physician: and the Scotch journals mention the

death of Dr. John Reid, Professor of Anatomy and Medicine in the United College of St. Andrew's,—favourably known to the profession by the publication of his 'Physiological, Anatomical, and Pathological Researches.'—From Stockholm, it is announced that the Director Nibelius, Bishop of Westeras, an Orientalist of great learning, and author of several works which have acquired for him distinction, has perished, at the early age of forty-eight, by the upsetting of a boat at sea.—A Straburg journal mentions the death at Münster, in his eighty-seventh year, of M. C. Bartholdi, the oldest of the *savans* of Alsace, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Natural History at the Central School of Colmar.

Since we called attention a fortnight ago to the abuses of the endowment of the Blackburn grammar school, we are glad to find that a meeting has been held in that town on the subject: but we must express our dissatisfaction that the conveners should have considered it necessary to exclude the representatives of the press. Who can believe in the earnestness of men who meet to denounce a flagrant wrong with closed doors? The public will suspect, justly or unjustly, secret motives in such a mode of procedure. At this day it scarcely needs to be pointed out that the spirit of reform should walk the world openly. Disguises and secret conclaves belong to a past order of things so far as this country is concerned; our "pryer into abuses" must be prepared to leave such tricks to the old comedy and to the Italian court of the Vicar-general. From report of persons present we learn that Dr. Whitaker, the vicar, presided,—the inquiry concerned the clerical body! What transpired we know not. We are satisfied, however, that the friends of the abuse can no longer evade inquiry. Is there no one in Blackburn who will call a public meeting to consider this matter? A committee was formed seven or eight months ago to compel the Rev. gentleman who receives the salary of the mastership without discharging its duties to give up his post: this body we believe to have facts in its possession that would instruct the world as to the mode in which these and similar scholastic charities are managed. The circumstance which we stated a fortnight ago on the authority of a local paper,—viz., that the master of the school has only two pupils, and those his own sons!—and no assistant, though his predecessor in the office had, and paid for, three,—appears to be true in all its particulars. Abuses of this magnitude require other remedies than meetings of the friends of the party complained against with closed doors, and the public in the persons of their representatives excluded.

The *Gazette* of Tuesday contains an Order in Council whereby Her Majesty confirms an act lately passed by the Governor and Legislature of the island of Newfoundland for securing to British authors remuneration for unauthorized copies of books under copyright imported into that island; and, for the purpose of furthering that object, suspends all prohibitions in several previous acts mentioned against the importation or sale therein of foreign reprints of such works so long as the act of the Legislature of the island shall continue in force.

A splendid donation of an entomological collection, said to be one of the richest in existence, and of a valuable library on the natural and physical sciences, has been made to the University of Oxford by the Rev. W. F. Hope, M.A., of Christ Church, with the twofold object of enriching the new Museum and of assisting the University in the efforts about to be made for the more effectual encouragement of scientific studies. The whole collection is said to be worth 10,000*l.* It is about to be deposited in the rooms of Sir Robert Taylor's Institute until the new Museum shall be erected. A correspondent of the *Times* states that the plan of the museum has been drawn out, and is said to rival, if not excel, any scientific establishment of the kind, either in France or in Germany. The site of the parks adjoining Wadham-gardens is spoken of as likely to be granted by Merton College for the new building.—We understand that in addition to this munificent donation, several other gifts of considerable value have been offered to and accepted by the authorities of the University. We hope shortly to be able to particularize them. It is time that some measures were taken to provide a better exhibition than the old

Ashmolean,—the collections in which although most valuable are rendered next to useless by their bad arrangement.

While on this subject, we may remark that it is said the collection of Fossil Flora, from the northern coal measures, formed by Mr. W. Hutton, of Newcastle, is now in the market. Perhaps it contains too many duplicates to be acceptable to the British Museum,—but it certainly should not be dispersed. A small grant from the University chest might secure possession of it for the projected institution at Oxford. This collection contains many of the specimens figured in Lindley and Hutton's Fossil Flora.

The professorship of Modern History at Cambridge vacated by the death of Prof. Smyth has been filled up by the appointment of Sir James Stephen.

The Professorships in the three new Irish Colleges are in progress of being filled up. We can report two appointments to the literary chairs of those institutions. The Rev. Charles F. Darley is to fill that of Cork,—and Mr. Craik has been selected for that of Belfast.

We may add the name of Mrs. Austen, so well known as a translator from the German, to the list of those whom the Queen has recently placed on the Pension List. Mrs. Austen has a grant of 100*l.* a year.

By a communication which we have received from the Metropolitan Early Closing Association, we see that the committee of that body are about to take higher ground. We have noticed the quiet growth and success of this Association from its birth in 1842, with more than ordinary satisfaction;—being convinced that it is calculated in the course of a few years to operate a beneficial change in the social and mental habits of an important section of the rising race. At first it proposed to improve the condition of the "drapers' assistants" only:—partial success induced it to extend its quiet agitation in favour of all shopmen and shopwomen in London:—it is now seeking to make the movement *national*. With this view, the secretary invites communications from all parts of the country. That the crusade against "late hours" will eventually succeed we do not now doubt; for it has taken root in all the large towns,—Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and others. Much of the success has been owing to the prudence with which the Association has acted:—let it pursue its wise and temperate course, and there is no reason to fear for the result.

Mr. Forster has an American rival in the field,—and Mr. Prior probably another cause of literary suit preparing if he holds his exclusive title in the facts of another man's life to be good as against transatlantic trespassers. The New York *Literary World* for July 21 publishes a chapter from a forthcoming *Life of Goldsmith* by Washington Irving.

We notice that a society is in process of organization having for its object the removal of all taxes on knowledge—an object next in importance to that of the removal of taxes on food. The taxes referred to are, of course, the direct taxes—such as the duty on foreign books, the duty on paper, the advertisement duty, the stamp duty, and in the case of newspapers the caution money. All these act as restrictions on the spread of intelligence and information in the country, and would be abolished at once by a Government which looked only to the true welfare of the people. There is little hope, however, that anything of the kind will be done without agitation. It seems to have become a principle with our "governing families" to move only in obedience to pressure from without. For twenty years or more no great step has been taken forward except on compulsion. Abolition of slavery, repeal of Corn Laws, emancipation of Catholics, reform of the House of Commons, reduction of the stamp duty,—all have been passed out of doors. Parliament has become a mere court of registration: Government has almost given up its legislative function. This is a new feature in the history of our "glorious constitution." But since the powers that be will have it so—since they will adopt the "watch and wait" policy—they must be dealt with on their own conditions. If they ask for agitation, let them have it. It is a curious fact that the taxes on knowledge are felt more deeply, resented more profoundly, by the intelligent part of the working-classes than by those the next remove above them in a social

sense. The reduction of the stamp duty was carried by an association of *artisans*—and many of the earnest men who conducted that agitation to a successful issue are now banded and banded together for the still larger and more difficult work referred to. To give an idea of the magnitude of the obstacles before them, we may state that they propose to invade the Chancellor of the Exchequer's strong box and reclaim more than a million and a quarter sterling of the annual black-mail which he and his agents levy on knowledge! Last year the tax on foreign books yielded about 7,650*l.*—the duty on paper, about 745,300*l.*—that on advertisements, 153,000*l.*—and the stamps on papers and journals, 360,270*l.*—altogether, 1,266,720*l.* In their attempt to get these taxes—or any portion of them—repealed, the association ought to be able to count upon the sympathy of every one interested in the education and gradual elevation of the people—be his political opinions what they may. Literature of some kind the masses have, and will have, in spite of all regulations: and if these impediments do not permit them to get at the higher, healthier kind—who can blame them for banqueting on such garbage as they can obtain? Hard-workers need mental stimulants: the newspaper would satisfy that need. The defence of Rome and the heroism of the Hungarians would be found more exciting than the most profligate story. But the half-penny press cannot publish news:—the Government allows it to print only the most gross and tawdry licentiousness.

Most of our readers are probably by this time agreed in the opinion that the French are greatly in need of lessons of Political Economy. This opinion would seem to be shared by their own Government:—it being announced that the science in question is henceforth to be made a branch of general education. A Professor of Political Economy is to be appointed to each of the public schools in Paris.—The journals of that capital state that M. Guizot has expressed his intention to resume his course of Lectures on History at the Sorbonne; and it is added that he is henceforth to leave the stormy world of politics and devote his days to literature. To the latter announcement, whether made by himself or, as is more probable, by his friends, our readers will know what value to attach. These "last appearances" are the coquetry of great politicians as of great actors. It is sufficient that for the present, and for as long as he may choose to wander there, we give M. Guizot a hearty welcome back into the pleasant fields of literature.

The people of Berlin appear to be reconciled to their race of monarchs. They have been laying, with great ceremony, the foundation-stone of the pedestal for the statue of the late King, near the Louise-in-sel in the Thiergarten—a site which that prince converted from a wilderness into a park. The present King of Prussia our readers know to be a sentimental king—and we perceive that after all his troubles he has found time and heart to enact the sentimental once more. The weather was most unpropitious; and on the King's arrival the leader of the deputation by whom he was received said, they had felt some apprehensions that His Majesty would have been prevented by the rain from attending. Whereupon, the Monarch delivered himself sentimentally as follows:—"To the steadfast of purpose the sun always shines." (*Dem Beharrlichen scheint stets die Sonne!*)—The Berliners are also—as are the people of many other of the German cities—making preparations to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Goethe as a national festival. Committees are every where forming to arrange the solemnities for the occasion.

Our attention is again drawn to the subject of intra-mural burials by receipt of a copy of an earnest expostulation addressed by Mr. Walker—the indefatigable mover in this important matter—to the public in general, and the press especially, on the apathy with which that monstrous nuisance continues to be regarded. No case can be stronger, clearer, more complete than this. Facts have been piled up on facts till the heart aches at their terrible number and gravity. The graves which we have dug about our hearths tend to their own replenishment,—dragging hundreds of our fellows down into them daily. London has become a vast charnel-house,—

full of putrid, poisonous air, which silently wither the strong arm, steal the ripeness from the cheek of beauty, and plant the seeds of death in the constitutions of our infant children. All this is patent; yet the masses will not move. An Oriental apathy seems to have seized upon us in regard to this matter. We are all aware that life is sacrificed and the tomb desecrated in London every hour, in a way that it is at once awful and disgusting to reflect on, through the prevalence of this custom; but prejudice and self-interest stand in the way of a change for the better, and we allow the dangerous abuse to hold its ancient empire. Now, we have the cholera amongst us:—yet even this, apparently, will not move men. The dead who die of the malignant pest cannot be safely housed a single day: then, in the name of reason, what protection to society is to be expected from a few inches of light grave-soil? Does not common prudence dictate the absolute necessity of removing these cholera-stricken dead from the heart of the suffering city? It would be quite as safe and reasonable to pile the coffins up without burial in St. Paul's or Westminster Hall as to lay them in the grave-yards of Drury Lane, Houndsditch, Lambeth, or Wapping, and sprinkle over them the few customary handfuls of earth. Little use is there in burning lime and pitch in the dwellings of the poor while the dead are allowed to be disposed of as they are. A surgeon told the City coroner and jury, the other day, that "the bodies of four persons who had just died of cholera were put into the ground against the ground-floor wall of a house, without an inch of earth between them and the wall!" What can be expected to result from recklessness like this? It is time for authority to do something definite. Government ought at once to close up every grave-yard within a radius of three miles from the Post Office. No doubt this would incommode the poor; but pressing evils demand pressing remedies. In a case where so much life is at stake, money should not be considered. A fund might be collected to enable the indigent to bury their dead at a salubrious distance from their homesteads; or if not, the State ought to step in and do the work for them at its own expense. The evil must be stayed at any price. The peril is not confined to a class:—Belgravia is as deeply interested as Bethnal Green in the matter. The high are beginning to fall around us as well as the low. The Bench, the Magistracy, the Senate have already contributed their victims.—What is the Board of Health doing? Graves are the worst of cesspools.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

THE GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, including the TOWN COLLECTION of the EARL OF YARBOROUGH, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ETTY GALLERY, NOW OPEN, at the SOCIETY of ARTS, John Street, Adelphi. WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY, the 26th instant.—Admission, 1*s.*

THE NILE.—NOW OPEN. Afternoons at Three. Evenings at Seven o'clock, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a new and splendid MOVING PANORAMA of the NILE, exhibiting the whole of the stupendous Works of Antiquity now remaining on its banks, between CAIRO, the capital of EGYPT, and the Second Cataract in NUBIA. Painted by Henry Warren, James Fahey, and Joseph Bonomi, from Studies by the latter, made during a residence of many years in Egypt.—Stalls, 3*s.*; Pit, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.*

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the VALLEY of ROSENLAUF, Bernese Oberland, with the effects of a Storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at FLORENCE, with all the gradations of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Machine Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Pictures. Open from Ten till Six.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—ROME ILLUSTRATED in an entirely new Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS. Daily at Half-past Four, and every Evening at a Quarter to Ten o'clock. A DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE, embracing the most interesting points connected with the subject, will be given by Mr. J. Russell.—LECTURES on CHEMISTRY, by Mr. J. M. Ashley, daily, at Half-past Three, and on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Nine o'clock. LECTURE by Dr. Bachhöfner, on MASTERS PATENT PROCESS OF FREEZING DESSERT ICES, &c.—THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE Daily at One o'clock, and every Evening at Eight.—DIVER and DIVING BELL.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

#### FINE ARTS

Illustrations of the New Palace of Westminster, Charles Barry, Esq. Architect. First Series. Warrington. We see no reason for changing the unfavourable opinion expressed by us [No. 1091] on the first appearance of this publication:—for it turns out to be more unsatisfactory than we then anticipated. Although the division into series would seem to indicate some classification and methodical sequence of the illus-

trations, nothing of the kind is observed. Instead of enabling us to form a clear general idea of the whole edifice—as much of it at least as is executed or now in progress,—this First Series, as it is called, contains only one plan (that of the principal floor), and not so much as a single section of any kind:—so that it is impossible to understand satisfactorily even those parts of the interior which are shown in perspective views. Impossible it certainly is to comprehend the real structural anatomy of such an "extensive and complicated" pile, where "requirements of great number and widely different character had to be combined and arranged with a view to insure not only convenience in detail but also the utmost perfection that was attainable as a whole." There is here nothing whatever to show how the architect has met the multifarious and peculiar requirements of his edifice, except as regards the mere plan of the principal floor; which is, however, on so small a scale, that separate detailed plans ought also to have been given of the House of Peers, and of some other portions. A carefully drawn up and sufficiently circumstantial verbal description would have helped to explain many interesting and important particulars:—yet of connected description or general architectural survey of the fabric there is nothing. The several letter-press descriptions are mere fragments, which notice no more than is shown in the plates themselves, and do even that in a meagre, superficial and unsatisfactory manner.

It is often curious to compare performance with promise; and in this case the Introduction assures us that "it is proposed not only to give copious illustrations and embellishments, but to omit no description, historical or architectural, which may be interesting or useful." Now, as to "copious illustrations and embellishments,"—there are only seventeen plates to illustrate a building for which the architect himself says that between 8,000 and 9,000 drawings and models have been produced! Of those seventeen plates, moreover, no fewer than five are bestowed upon one and the same subject,—namely, the Royal Entrance Porch in the Victoria Tower; and of those five, two are not architectural at all, but merely show some of the statues within the porch on a larger scale.—If the drawing is to be credited, the Patron Saint of England cuts a very doubtful figure,—being made to look very much like what Falstaff calls "a man made after supper of a cheese paring." Whether the figure be labelled we know not, but if here truly represented it libels the human form and "face divine." Granting, however, that this and the other figures may pass in the building as being no more than mere sculptural accessories to the architecture,—that is no excuse for their being selected as subjects for "illustration," when so much of greater and far more immediate interest presented itself. In fact, only the exterior of the Victoria Porch and the elevations of some of the parts of the river front are at all satisfactory as architectural illustrations: the perspective views being by no means well executed,—particularly that of the South Wing Towers, which is exceedingly vague in drawing and rotten in the printing of the plate.

We acquit Mr. Barry of being in any way concerned with these *soi-disant* "illustrations" of his building:—he cannot surely have been so much as consulted in the matter.

#### SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

The Select Committee appointed to inquire into the constitution and management of the Government School of Design have at length made their Report. Before proceeding to lay before our readers the principal features of this Report, we may mention that our assertion with regard to the Manchester school, made some time since,—and which a correspondent from that town questioned somewhat angrily at the time,—is borne out by the official document before us. In the words of the Report, this institution "appears, from the concurrent testimony of all the witnesses qualified to speak of it, to have been hitherto the least successful of all the schools."

Your committee have examined a number of witnesses, \* \* \* who almost all agree in thinking the maintenance of schools of design to be an object of national importance; and even those who consider the schools to be at present in the least satisfactory state are ready to admit the value of such institutions to the manufacturers of the country. All these witnesses concur in recognizing the value of the elementary teaching imparted in these schools, while most



of them urge the necessity which they consider exists of giving schools a more practical character than they at present appear to bear. \*

From a general review of the evidence, your committee concludes that the schools, though far from having attained the degree of perfection of which they appear capable, are producing beneficial effects, and may in due time be expected, with energetic support and under judicious management, to realize the anticipations with which they have been founded. In the undertaking of so novel and experimental a character difficulties have naturally arisen, and no doubt errors have been committed. Prejudices have been encountered: it has been found difficult to get men fully qualified in all respects for the duties which they have had to discharge; and finally, there have been many differences of opinion among those who have been charged with carrying out the undertaking, which have necessarily impaired the uniformity of its operation. Your committee cannot flatter themselves that these difficulties are yet at an end; but they see reason to hope that they are gradually disappearing, and confidently recommend to the house to continue the support which has hitherto been afforded to an object of such great national importance. Your committee believe, that large as the field of usefulness appeared when these schools were established, it has been found by experience to be very much larger than was at first anticipated. As the managers of the schools have proceeded, they have found work grow upon their hands; the teaching of ornamental design necessarily presupposed the student having attained to a certain proficiency in elementary studies, and this proficiency few, if any, were found to have acquired, so that it has been necessary to impart it at the beginning of each man's education. The demand for such teaching has been so great in proportion to the means which the schools possess of supplying it, that they have of necessity assumed more of the character of elementary institutions than was originally expected. The importance of this sound elementary grounding has not always been comprehended, and too great anxiety has been shown in some cases to reap premature fruits of the schools; but your committee believe that what has been done in this direction has been of great importance, and that under all the circumstances of the case the course has been right. It has been endeavoring to raise the taste of the great mass of artisans, rather than by special efforts to force on a few eminent designers. \*

Before leaving this part of the subject, however, your committee think it necessary to advert to the complaints made from several quarters that the schools are not sufficiently practical. In the view of your committee, the schools are educational institutions, and their main object is to induce not so much designs as designers, and persons better qualified to apply and execute design in all its various branches. The education of a designer is, however, a slow process, nor can it in many instances be carried to perfection except when the student is also engaged in, or connected with, the manufactory, where he learns by experience what cannot be communicated in any other manner. To expect, then, that a young man who has been a year or two in a school of design will, on leaving it, be able immediately to produce superior designs, is to expect an impossibility; but it may be safely affirmed, that a student seldom leaves the school who is not better prepared to design or to execute a pattern than he would have been without the education he received; and that the 15,000 or 16,000 students who have passed through the schools since their commencement, must, either as designers or as artisans, have exercised more or less of a beneficial influence on manufactures. At the same time your committee are of opinion that much remains to be done in order to bring the schools fully to bear upon the manufactures of the country and the higher branches of design.

Evidence has been taken upon the systems of management which have prevailed since the opening of the schools, and upon the principles on which the several management bodies have acted. The inconveniences of the plan of placing a council, or committee of management, variously composed, and consisting of unpaid members, between the Board of Trade and the masters of the school, have been for some time recognized; and unless your committee were prepared wholly to disregard the evidence taken on this point, they cannot avoid expressing the opinion that the present committee of management ought not to be retained.

Your committee observe that some confusion exists in the proceedings of the present managing body, which they attribute to the circumstance of the relations between the Board of Trade and the committee of management being imperfectly defined: they would recommend that the management be placed on a more distinct footing, by rendering the Board of Trade directly responsible for the management; and your committee trust that the Board of Trade, being made distinctly and primarily responsible for the working of the system, will from time to time make such improvements as experience may show to be desirable.

It is desirable that the masters of the London school should occasionally visit the chief seats of manufacture; and they may, upon the occasions of their doing so, profitably put themselves in communication with the masters of the provincial schools, for the purpose of both giving and receiving information.

Your committee are then, generally, of opinion that the principles of management of the head and branch schools should be these: that the supreme executive authority should be vested in the Board of Trade, and that all persons employed should be immediately responsible to that department. That the Board should appoint all masters and other persons. That one or more paid inspectors, acquainted with ornamental designing, should be appointed, who should frequently visit and report upon the provincial schools; but that the inspectors should not be authorized to interfere with the details of the teaching in any school, for which the head-master or masters of every school ought to be solely responsible: the head-masters of the London school may occasionally be associated with the inspectors in visiting

the schools, but this would not supersede the necessity of the inspectors' visits. \*

Your committee are of opinion that care should be taken to select, in all possible cases, such men as are practically acquainted with designing. The evidence conclusively proves, that an artist is not necessarily an ornamental designer; that ornamental art requires special study and practice, and that the deficiency of the necessary knowledge is so general as to render it of importance that those who profess to improve ornamental art should be required to give proofs of their acquaintance with it. This principle has been already recognized and carried out (Report of Second Special Committee of Council of School of Design, 18th resolution); and your committee apprehend no great difficulties in insisting upon this course, as they find praiseworthy symptoms of a desire and willingness to practise ornamental design, both on the part of eminent artists attached to the school and of others unconnected with it. A difficult question has been raised as to the division of classes at present adopted in the head school. Your committee see much reason for believing that the present system has not worked well, and for doubting whether any system will be successful in which the chief authority is divided between several masters of equal rank.

A plan has been suggested for charging each master with the supervision of certain kinds of design, classified so as to correspond with certain groups of manufactures; and the present head-masters have expressed their concurrence in this principle. Should such a plan be found, on examination, to be feasible, it would present some advantages, and in particular would enable the Government to make the fullest use of the abilities of all the masters.

Your committee direct attention to some suggestions made by Mr. Northcote, for the improvement and development of the present system. They agree with him in thinking it of great importance to bring the provincial schools more into connexion with the head school, and to make the system work more as a whole, by bringing a certain number of advanced students from the provincial schools to finish their education in London. London is the centre of artistic and manufacturing knowledge, and possesses advantages in its museums, galleries, public gardens, &c., which no country town can offer in an equal degree; and it has been stated that about a seventh of all designs for all manufactures seem to originate there.

Your committee also approve of the steps which have been proposed for extending the operations of the schools, by bringing the mechanics' institutes and other institutions where elementary drawing is taught into connexion with the system. The effect of this would be to relieve the present schools of a great amount of labour, and to enable the masters to devote themselves to the special branches of instruction in ornamental art, while it would promote the important object of widely diffusing sound elementary instruction throughout the country. Your committee are of opinion that it would be desirable to establish additional schools in a few important towns which are still without them, but they think the greatest amount of good (and that at a comparatively small expense) may be effected in the mode they have now pointed out.

A great deficiency exists in the supply of examples and works of art for the provincial schools, and your committee consider it essential that means be provided for supplying this deficiency. Great good has been done by the diffusion throughout the country of the works purchased with a portion of the 10,000, granted in 1840 for outfit of schools. This fund is now exhausted, and your committee strongly recommend a further grant for the same purpose. They are of opinion that one of the main causes of the comparative inefficiency of the means at present constituted is attributable to the inadequacy of the means provided for their maintenance. It does not appear that there is any reason to believe that for many years they can become self-supporting; and, as in a commercial point of view the importance of encouraging the art of design is undoubted, in which the inferiority of this country is admitted, and is apparent even in the ornament of its staple industries, your committee are of opinion that it is urgent upon the House the necessity of increasing the annual grant for the support of schools of design. But your committee are of opinion that the principle originally adopted, on the recommendation of the Committee on Arts and Manufactures in 1835, of making the Government grant depend upon the voluntary subscriptions for the branch schools, was a sound one, and ought still to be maintained.

Much importance has been attached by many witnesses to annual exhibitions of the works of the students, and national exhibitions of manufactures, the opening of communications with manufacturers, and other points which will, they trust, be attended to. In conclusion, they have to call particular attention to one subject which requires immediate notice—namely, the great importance of providing better accommodation for the head school than at present—a subject which has been repeatedly brought forward, and cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Complaints have been made as to the want of accommodation at Somerset House, as well as at the house temporarily hired in the Strand for the female pupils. The collection of casts and other beautiful and instructive works of art in the school is thereby rendered useless, and the development of the institution is in several respects seriously retarded.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Last week the Nineveh Gallery of Sculpture Antiquities in the new building at the British Museum was opened to the public. The last portion of the building remaining unfinished, the Townley Gallery, is rapidly approaching to completion.

The beautiful design for a clock-case made by Holbein for Sir Anthony Denny has just been added to the valuable collection of drawings by old masters placed under Mr. Carpenter's care at the British

Museum. The drawing was one of the treasures of the Strawberry Hill sale,—and is a fine and undoubted specimen of the master.

The bust of Waller—a composition bust by Ryabach from the known portraits of the poet—was sold about a fortnight ago at a sale at Hall Barns, near Beaconsfield, to Sir Robert Peel, for fifty guineas. Hall Barns was the family seat of the poet of the Panegyric upon Cromwell; but few or no traces remain there coeval with the poet's time. The house, of dull red brick, pleasantly seated in a park full of the characteristics of Buckinghamshire scenery,—was built, we believe, by the poet's son. The library, rich in books of Waller's period, was sold about fifteen years ago by a country auctioneer, at country prices.—Burke's fine house in the same neighbourhood has long been levelled with the ground.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*I arise from Dreams of Thee.* The Poetry by Shelley. No. 3 of Lyrics composed for Clarina Thalia Macfarren. By G. A. Macfarren.—With many songs awaiting notice, we shall on the present occasion confine ourselves to a single composition,—for which deliberate criticism is, in some sort, courted by the title. This is drawn out with the emphasis which composers do not waste on the announcement of trifles. Then, we meet with the writer too sparingly,—the fault being all his own. For little besides taste—taste to reject as well as taste to select—is wanting to place Mr. Macfarren high among his contemporaries. He has beautiful and poetical ideas, great power of construction, and those aspirations after new effects which when thoroughly mastered conduct their owner to absolute power over the listener's sympathies. But, as neutralizing qualities, he is apt to be gratuitously—contradictorily—harsh, to tax his executants needlessly, to bestow pains upon texts too silly to be worth or too wise to bear musical setting,—to give out, in short, works, good, bad and indifferent, without any apparent consciousness of the diversity of quality existing among them. He writes, if we mistake not, upon a system the soundness of which has still to be settled by musical synod or council,—and like all controversialists inevitably he cleaves to and brings forward its strongest peculiarities by way of convincing us of its excellence. But what is the result? These characteristics wrecked his 'Devil's Opera,'—have shelved his 'Don Quixote,'—and contribute to keep well-imagined and well-constructed instrumental music of his out of the orchestra. They are stated once again because it would give us real pleasure to see—in the case of one whose ambitions are so well directed—the vein working itself clear, the field weeded of the tares that choke the wheat. And hence we cordially wish that Mr. Macfarren would submit to supervision from some one less fertile in discords than himself,—since failing this, we fear that he must be contented to remain respected by the few but sparingly accepted by the many. There is much, very much, to commend in this song, mixed up with certain defects which seem too perverse not to claim admiration.

But, first, let us relieve our minds of what may by some be esteemed "a flat blasphemy,"—by saying that Shelley's exquisite lyric is singularly intractable for music: not merely from the fullness of meaning which its lines convey, but from irregularities and interjections of phrase. Often as it has been set, no musician has met the difficulties of the following lines which are marked in italics.—

And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?—  
To thy chamber-window—Sweet!

In the above the inquiry and the exclamation (the latter an awkward word when sung alone and as a noun) must be detached, or the poet's intention is violated. If they be detached, the symmetry of the rhythm is destroyed:—whereas, verse good for music, however varied by breaks and breathing-places, will always be reducible within regular forms. It is therefore no surprise to us that Mr. Macfarren's composition, cleverly sustained as it is, should, like all its predecessors, bear involuntary witness to the presence of stumbling-blocks which no Mercury's flight can enable the *maestro* to overleap without tripping.—We concede, on the plea of the title-page,



the composer's right to set words which belong to a *Romeo* for a *Juliet's* voice. Turning to the music, after these allowances are made, we find much to admire:—the leading melody is voluptuous and tuneable; and most charming is the sentiment of the four lines beginning—

The wandering airs they faint, &c.

Then, from first to last, the song is knit together in a manner nothing less than masterly. But throughout Mr. Macfarren employs crudities of modulation and audacities of chord to which when the voice is written for no theory will reconcile us,—since the result is disappointment without after-satisfaction, and ugliness where beauty should be. To our ears, the modulation from the third to the fourth bars of the symphony, repeated throughout the song, is unnatural with no compensating effect. So, again, (p. 5) the leap for the voice from the prolonged c sharp on the words—

I die,—I faint,—I fall

to the b natural beginning the line

Let thy love in kisses rain

is needlessly uncouth, and, taken in context with the accompaniment, beyond the power of singer's art to sweeten:—the point being one, let us further insist, where the voice should make the effect from the extreme passion of the words, and not the accompaniment. We could add more examples of asperities, courted—it is possible—under the false idea of mastery and courage, from the two closing pages of the song; but enough has been said to illustrate our line of objection, and to exemplify also that which in the outset we stated to be the desideratum for Mr. Macfarren:—to whose talent and knowledge we would fain see Mr. Macfarren do justice. Though his song be unquestionably a fine one,—his music fairly accompanying the poet's verse and self-consistent,—it is specked by mannerisms which, he must bear to be told, are as mannered as Auber's least natural melodic progression, as Bellini's most commonplace sigh or *appoggiatura*:—and in proportion as his aims are higher these are more highly objectionable.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—We have already [ante, p. 724] announced the date of the Hereford Musical Festival, and the names of the artists engaged,—with the exception of Madame Castellan—All English: to be mustered under the conduct of Mr. Townsend Smith. The programme, which is now out, seems to be excellent in its avoidance of inferior music, and as presenting some interesting novelties. For J. S. Bach's Anthem 'Blessing and Glory,' and Mendelssohn's fine Psalm in a minor 'Not unto us,' are novelties worthy of adoption at Festivals on a grander scale. The Concert schemes, too, appear to us better than formerly. On the first evening Beethoven's *Cantata* 'The Praise of Music' will be given,—on the second a selection from the 'Faust' of Spohr,—on the third 'a choice,' from the Opera of 'Euryanthe'—all the above including choruses. This is very meritorious:—but so much vocal music ought to have been interspersed with some exhibitions of instrumental solo playing, and it is not too late still to supply the deficiency.

Following the mechanical routine of dramatic perversity,—which would be diverting to a bystander did he not also therein see one unmistakable element of dramatic decay,—the management of *Her Majesty's Theatre* has announced Madame Sontag as *Susanna* in 'Figaro,' in place of persuading her to attempt the equally fine part (which is more vocal and less dramatic) of the *Countess*. Some day or other we may speak of the wondrous lack of enterprise and imagination evidenced in proceedings of this order —by which gifts, accomplishments, stage necessities are rated as of no account.—and

Hot or cold, and moist or dry are treated as so many elements precisely homogeneous. Some day or other we may illustrate the experiment-phobia of all most concerned in the success of experiment:—for the moment, however, it must suffice hereby 'to break ground.' A report was current in Covent Garden Theatre the other evening, that ere the *Royal Italian Opera* closes its doors, Madame Viardot will appear as *Zerlina* to Madame Grisi's *Donna Anna*. As to rumours which embrace the future, to speak metaphorically, they are "thousand-armed." Combination

after combination is announced—plan after plan declared as "a dead certainty." These are early days to begin the enumeration of things *not to be* in 1850. Let us wish that among the things to be a new Italian composer might be found. Failing this, it would be to be discreet in Mr. Lumley, who seems to have no designs upon grand opera, to give Mr. Balfe a chance. Somebody or other, too, would do well to adapt 'Zelmira' to a new libretto:—only, where alas! is the tenor who could sing the tenor's music? And we repeat that if 'Le Domino Noir' is ever to be Italianized (and "to this favour" our Italian theatres are fast coming, owing to the dearth of Italian composers)—the Hour and the Lady are now, under the graceful reign of Madame Sontag.

We have within the week heard of some half score of plans for the "resuscitation" (tis Mr. Bunn's word) of English opera—each wilder than its predecessor, and having progressively less and less regard to English wants, English possessions, and English capacities.—The very stir, however, is significant. It may be predicated without fear of contradiction, that now is the "time of times" when a great composer or a great artist might lead our public whither he would:—the disposition to respect what is good having developed itself in proportion with the desire to enjoy what is fashionable. There is no preference for the foreigner which could stand betwixt an English Viardot or an English Lind and honours as high as those ladies have gained. If we repeat this till our appeals in number rival the Aranian Nights, it is not that we are tedious but that "native talent" is supine,—lingering behind, every corner of and beneath its time. All this time, from England come tidings of the spread of a ferment which it is hard to estimate at its real value—neither too little nor too much. Looking into the musical periodicals, we find encouraging "indications" by the score. The *Musical Times* records the proceedings of provincial choral societies—music at Rugby School—An Association in the shire of Monmouth "for improvement in Church Music." This last in its first report enumerates local classes in which more than one hundred persons are trained:—it is to be hoped scientifically. That all this consensaneous movement will tend to some signal result, one day, we are convinced. Nor will those who examine the question fairly be repelled by blanks, vulgarities, and the other discouraging signs of an arrogant or trading spirit, that present themselves among the very class which ought to be most largely exempt from them.

The *Dramatic and Musical Review* announces that Mr. Knowles has succeeded to Mr. Maddox as manager of the *Princess's Theatre*.—Mrs. Glover has left her "old arm-chair" at the Haymarket; which theatre, by the way, seems gradually ridding itself of its efficient comedians.—we hardly think to its own profit.—The English version of 'Les Huguenots' is to be produced at the *Surrey Theatre* on Monday next.

We have little musical news from the Continent. M. Prume is dead; a violinist of considerable merit,—Belgian by birth.—The Grand Opera at Berlin will re-open, for the autumn season, with that respectable, but somewhat insipid, sacred drama the 'Joseph,' of Mehul.—Foreign journals announce that M. Liszt's opera is nearly finished, and that it will be shortly produced at the Weimar theatre. We expect this work with more than ordinary curiosity.—Meanwhile, German nationality is, as usual, regaling itself with French stage productions:—Le Val d'Andorre' being apparently in universal request.—The predicament of the Parisian theatres is momentous enough to occupy the attention of the Government, even in the country's apprehended crisis of financial difficulty: it is said that the heads of the Republic may possibly take the administration of the four principal theatres into their own official hands.

\* The above acknowledgment cannot be made without our calling the attention of those who superintend the letter press of the *Musical Times* to the fact of due acknowledgment being withheld in its columns. The *Athenæum* has not the slightest objection to play "gossip" for the benefit of the readers of other publications; but their proprietors should own the obligation. This, in p. 188 of its August number, the *Musical Times* fails to do in two instances. The laws of copyright do not forbid such unacknowledged appropriation,—but those of courtesy should.

Assuredly, were such an ugly phantom as "national bankruptcy" spoken of as ever so distant on the horizon of England, we should hardly find our Wordsworths or Humes or Bentincks troubling their minds with regard to pauperism in "the Lane," 'bought upon' "the Garden," or fall of stocks in "the Market." But Methuselah *redivivus* might live his nine thousand six hundred and ninety years without coming to the end of the particularities which distinguish our neighbours from ourselves in matters of art, manners, and government.

## MISCELLANEA

**The Owner of Niagara!**—An American daily paper made recently the following obituary announcement.—

**The Owner of Niagara** died recently—an aged man—whose life had been coincident with the rise to the fulcrum and dignity of a nation of Western New York. He had chosen this residence by the great river as the home of his declining years, and his grave will be within the sound of the cataract.

On this paragraph a writer in the *New York Literary World* discourses pleasantly as follows.—

There is something mean and diminishing in the ordinary conditions of property. There is the tax-gatherer, with his red-lined book and inkhorn to be met at irregular and mathematically impertinent intervals. The tax-gatherer's Board of Aldermen must have their hand in it with the opening and shutting of streets. There are certain paltry ordinances to be constantly kept in mind touching the position of an iron ash-box on the walk in winter time, and the decent withholding of flag-ends of greens from the gutter in summer. \* The seasons themselves are in league against the wind (discovering window-hinges) is our worst enemy. Cold water, which we should like—holy water—the very rain from heaven is a disgust on our roof. Then we are under the necessity of putting ourselves in league with tinkers and sawers of wood, and men who deal in putty, and other personages who partake not in the least of the sublime. \* Ordinary property, in a word, is so hedged in and trimmed and detracted from and dispersed by various kinds of harassing qualifiers, that it can in no proper sense be called property. To call it real estate or estate in fee is ridiculous. \* \* To really possess a piece of property—to be the genuine owner of a Real Thing—may be said to be, in the highest sense, the thing. This happy fortune seems to have been achieved by our late worthy friend mentioned in the morning newspaper. \* He owned Niagara Falls (as he would appear), rock, stock, and water. By what title he held, who is the attorney on record, we have not been curious to inquire. We would suppose something in the nature of a revelation—a voice direct from Heaven—something resembling one of the stone tables delivered to Moses should constitute his deed of possession. We take it that the gentleman's title was sound. Many a phony fiction as we have found, one time and another, in the newspapers, we take it for granted no one would venture on so bold and bold a lie as that. It would be too gigantic and staggering to stand up for a single day and keep the breath of life in it. Our late friend, then, did lawfully own and possess the handsome property known as the Falls of Niagara in North America. This is a fine kind of him—many a phony fiction as we have found, one time and another, in the newspapers, we take it for granted no one would venture on so bold and bold a lie as that. It would be too gigantic and staggering to stand up for a single day and keep the breath of life in it. 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as "national" and "cathedral, in all the hands of happy  
stant on the arches of the world, and fill all space and time with its  
our Woodruff minds upon "the great Fall of man." Ever in his robe he stands there—from  
right upon "the great Fall of man." Ever in his robe he stands there—from  
ket." But more than apostle's tongue pronouncing for ever and  
thousands of years, from century to century, from age to age—  
his master's grave keeping a majestic watch, and  
more than apostle's tongue pronouncing for ever and  
above his ashes, the great funeral discourse of all the  
ages!

The following is a parliamentary return,  
published, of a list of all pensions granted be-  
tween the 20th day of June, 1848, and the 20th day  
of June, 1849, and charged upon the Civil List (pur-  
suant to the Act 1 Vict. c. 2).—1848; July 14,  
John C. Adams, 200*l.*, in consideration of his astro-  
nomical discoveries and scientific merits. July 14,  
James Sheridan Knowles, 200*l.*, in consideration of  
his talents as a dramatic author. July 14, William  
Carleton, 200*l.*, in consideration of his literary merits.

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M'Callagh, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Eleanor Jane M'Callagh,  
33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, in consideration of the eminent scientific  
attainments of their brother, the late Prof. M'Callagh,  
in trust to James Whiteside, Esq. and George  
Dowell, Esq. Dec. 5, Juana Maria de los  
Dolores Smith, 600*l.*, in consideration of the long  
and distinguished military services of her husband,  
Major-General Sir Henry George Wakelyn Smith,  
and in particular of the brilliant and decisive vic-  
tory which he gained over the army of the Sikhs at  
Miala, on the Sutlej—in trust to Tycho Wing, Esq.  
and the Rev. William Strong. Total 1,200*l.*

*A Birthday Sonnet.*  
Lady: thy birth doth truly represent  
Beauty's high genesis, re-born to-day.  
So other than the young, white-bosomed May  
Could be thy natal month; thy life was blest  
With that love-largess she so richly spent  
O'er April's green; and while her tenderest ray  
First lit thine orbs, its sister beams did stray  
Among the opening buds with like intent.  
From the dim blue, far o'er thy cradle-nest  
The poised lark downward shook her mellowest trills;  
But southern winds breathed on these fragrant rests;  
Then sighed thy baby-groes to the rills.  
This day the same glad soul all nature fills,  
For thou art beautiful, and I am blest.

*Manchester Examiner and Times.*  
*The New Two-Shilling Piece or "Florin."*—The  
Gazette of Friday in last week contains a proclamation,  
dated Osborne House, July 30, directing that the  
new two-shilling piece "shall be current and lawful  
money of Great Britain and Ireland." This new  
coin is to be called a Florin.

*Interesting Discovery.*—M. Paul Gervais (says the  
Constitutionnel) has just discovered in the upper ter-  
tiary stratum of Montpellier a species of fossil ape,  
probably belonging to the *Macaque* genus. On com-  
paring this discovery with that of M. Lartet in the  
Senz and those made in the environs of London, it  
appears that fossil apes have been discovered in the  
three principal tertiary strata of western Europe,  
that is to say, in every part of the level of sedimentary  
strata in which the bones of mammalia abound. If  
man had existed at the period when these strata were  
deposited, the non-discovery hitherto of the slightest  
trace of human skeletons, or remains attesting human  
industry, would be very astounding. The discovery  
of these fossil apes is therefore an additional indirect  
proof of the very inferior antiquity of man on the  
earth.

*Colouring of Green Tea.*—I have no means of forming an  
opinion as to whether all the green tea is doctored after the  
fashion described in the *Athenæum* of Saturday;—but I am  
quite sure if it is so prepared it is not for the English  
market only. In 1841 I was with the squadron which cap-  
tured Chusan, Chinghai, and Ningpo. This last place was  
almost entirely deserted; but a few shopkeepers remained  
in their houses,—probably to defend their valuable contents  
from their thievish countrymen, whose plundering pro-  
pensity far surpassed those of the worst of the expedi-  
tionary force. At the time I speak of, those who were  
quartered in Ningpo and those who visited them were hard-  
ly for provisions of all kinds; for the country people were  
afraid to bring in their produce for sale, or were pre-  
sented by the fear of punishment at the hands of their own  
rulers at a future time. Any way, provision shops were  
scurily sought for, and the proprietors compelled to sell  
their goods;—which, notwithstanding a little affected con-  
tempt, they must have been very glad to do, as they received  
at least double the price they would have obtained from  
their ordinary customers. Among the shops discovered was  
that of a tea-dealer, and of course his ware must have been  
of the kind consumed by his countrymen. Now, from him  
I bought the best green tea I have ever met with, (I  
brought home some sealed up in a dry bottle, the flavour  
of which was tolerably well preserved, and which was con-  
sidered by those who tasted it to be of very superior quality,  
—but that might have been fancy.) This green tea—we

had no other—was intended for the use of the better class  
of the Chinese; and if it were all dyed with gypsum and  
indigo, they must have been aware of what a filthy deception  
they were swallowing. I say the better class advisedly,—for  
the tea used by the people who remained in the districts  
which we occupied was detestable; and as they were many of  
them in comfortable circumstances, and as you cannot go  
into even the wretched hut of a peasant without having tea  
offered you, and as I always tasted it when offered, I con-  
sider myself a tolerable judge of the tea used by the farmer  
and yeoman class at least of the Chinese in Chusan. In  
the neighbourhood of Canton, as I was told by English  
gentlemen resident on the spot, it is quite a common thing  
to manufacture green tea from damaged black by a process  
similar, as described to me, to that mentioned in your cor-  
respondent's letter. But this is only green tea of the same  
relative quality to the really good green that the three  
shilling sloe-leaf tea of our chandler's shops bears to  
good souchong. I did not see the process myself; for at the  
time I was there they were engaged in the manufacture of  
a different kind of gunpowder, though probably not more  
deleterious. Notwithstanding your correspondent's ocular  
demonstration, I am inclined to believe that the merchants  
of Whaychou spoke the truth when they denied the indigo  
impurity; and as I am quite sure that the Chinese will  
drink green tea themselves when they can get it, I trust  
that your fair readers will not be frightened into discarding  
good hyson.—I am, &c.

*Cost of a Boundary Line.*—The boundary line  
between the United States and Canada, run in ac-  
cordance with the Ashburton Treaty, cost the labour  
of 300 men 18 months. For 300 miles a path was  
cut through the forest 30 feet wide, and cleared of  
all trees. At the end of every mile is a cast-iron  
pillar, painted white, square, 4 feet out of the ground,  
7 inches square at the bottom and 4 inches at the  
top, with raised letters on its sides, naming the Com-  
missioners who run the line, and the date.—*Montreal*  
*Morning Courier.*

*Antiquarian Discoveries in France.*—The Paris  
papers announce several interesting archaeological  
discoveries. The first was made by an amateur of  
Bar, in the Meuse, who detected some frescoes of the  
16th century on the walls of the parochial Church  
of Bourg, at St. Mihiel, besides some columns and  
arches which had been long concealed from view by  
a thick white incrustation, which may be removed by  
chemical appliances without injuring the frescoes.  
The second discovery was made at Suèvres, near Blois.  
The "treasure" consists of an enormous block of  
stone, which various marks show to have served at  
the human sacrifices of the Druids. This block—  
to what base purposes are some things turned!—  
was about to be used in a workshop, but a tasteful  
antiquary induced the owner to give it up to the  
Mayor of Blois, and it will be deposited in the  
museum of that city. The third discovery is still  
more interesting. It took place between Billom and  
Mauzun (Auvergne), at about 100 mètres from the  
high road. A child who was employed in digging  
the ground on the side of an arid hill, suddenly ex-  
claimed to his father, "I see a horse." The father  
ran to the spot, and with the assistance of his son  
succeeded in extracting a group carved in a single  
block of the grey granite stone of the district, and  
representing a woman with a Medusa's head, whose  
body terminated in a serpent's tail, trampled down  
by the hind hoofs of a rearing horse. The steed was  
surmounted by a knight in the act of striking the  
hideous monster with a javelin. Beneath the group  
was found an oaken chest, containing an urn filled  
with ashes,—and by the side thereof four broken  
columns, some iron, charcoal, medals, lamps, and  
ancient tiles, &c.

*Antediluvian Remains.*—Recently, the workmen  
who are cutting through a mass of rock at West-  
bury, near Brackley, came, at the depth of twenty  
feet, on a layer of clay, in which were found im-  
bedded the bones of an antediluvian monster. By  
examination of a portion of the jaw containing teeth,  
and of the joints of the back, it was at once pronounced  
to be the remains of an *Ichthyosaurus*. Some weeks  
ago, in excavating another portion of the line, there  
were discovered the remains of a fossil fish, which  
proved to be a fine specimen of the *Lepidosteus*, or  
bony pike, whose scales are of bone, and which, after  
being changed by time, have the hardness and look  
of ebony. This fish is found now only in the rivers  
of North America.—*Oxford Journal.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A Correspondent—R. C.—W. H.—  
C. E.—J. F.—D. W. R.—P. F.—T. J. W.—D. W.—  
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